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THE IMPENDING WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: THE JAPANESE WAR-SHIP "YOSHINO KAN."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When one is ill one envies everybody, without, I hope, the least desire of seeing them reduced to our own low level. As we sit, or lie, at the window that affords our only outlook in the world, and which itself to our tired eyes may presently "grow a glimmering square," we look on the cyclist or the village cricketer with the admiration of the inferior for a superior being. No lowness of estate can check it. They are alive, and in all that constitutes life it seems to us we have ceased to be. O for one hour, not necessarily of "the wild joys of living," the leaping from rock up to rock, the shock of the pool's silver coolness, but with a football, or even a top! "Well," not only "for the fisherman's lad that he sings in his boat on the bay," but for the errand boy who goes whistling by with his brown paper parcel. We are brought very low indeed. We agree with the unambitious philosopher, that happiness is freedom from pain, but even that moderate measure of bliss is denied us. Details of life out of doors have an interest for us they never had till we were prisoners; if we ever regain our liberty—which we never shall—how much more interesting life, say we, will be! There is a line of flymen a little way off who attract me immensely; while the sunshine lasts, they drive off merrily with their fares (who seem to get into the vehicles like harlequins, as though tortured joints were things unknown), or sit on a bench beneath an elm smoking their pipes and awaiting custom. They have plenty of laughter—perhaps of wit—and I wish I could be with them: better the bench beneath the trees than the armchair on castors. But in showery weather, some may say (who have never been invalids), fly-letting must be a bad calling. Not necessarily so, for fares (like fish) are caught in showers, and snap very eagerly at the fly. If it is a regular wet day indeed, there is little patronage; but my flymen know better than to expose themselves to the elements for nothing: after providing tarpaulins for their steeds, they simply retire into their flies with their newspapers and await events. There is something to my mind very agreeable in thus making their means of livelihood their dwelling-place—a sort of rudimentary "shelter." If I were to begin life again—but my time for a choice of a profession has, I fear, gone by.

There is quite another set of people whom, now that I am "laid by," I envy immensely; indeed there are two sets—the omnivorous readers to whom nothing printed comes amiss, and the readers who are content with a few good books, which they delight in calling masterpieces. It is not that I am fastidious, but a great many books which my friends are so kind as to recommend me I not only can't "get through," but cannot squeeze myself into the third chapter. A work of this kind is like a friend introduced by a friend, with whom, despite all one's efforts, one cannot show oneself friendly: we have confidence in his judgment, we like his taste, and one is naturally ready to be pleased with what pleases him, and yet we find his favourite author dull as ditch-water. "I did not care about it as much as I expected," is what we say when interrogated on the subject, but the fact is we didn't care about it at all. One good soul sends me a catalogue from the nearest circulating library, with the titles of the books he thinks I should like scored in red ink. It gives me a shudder to read them; to be shut up with those selected volumes, and no others, would be to me a literary punishment of the severest kind. How pleasant it must be to a chronic invalid to be able to say, "Get me a book at the library," just as one might say, "Get me some soap at the chemist's," with a reasonable expectation of its being equally satisfactory! Still more enviable is the man who piques himself on only caring for about one or two books, who never moves without his Homer or his Horace, but, having them, is independent of all other literary pabulum. He reads them (he tells us) so many times a year, and ever with new delight. For my part, I like more than two books, and yet have some sense of monotony in reading my old favourites over again. I have not the faculty of forgetting, which must surely be possessed by these scholarly persons. I am compelled to say to myself, "This is exceedingly good, but it does not strike me as good as new. I have a sensation of having read it somewhere before."

Still, rather than read what is recommended by my friends, I do send for my old favourites, which, perhaps, in sickness have a somewhat different message for me than they had of old. It was, may be, because I was a captive that I thought the other day I would refresh my memory of Gilliatt (in the "Toilers of the Sea") and his voluntary exile on the terrible Douvres; or, from the attraction of contraries, I wished to read, helpless in my arm-chair, the most astounding record of unassisted skill and strength that genius has ever imagined. What strikes me as very noteworthy is the curious contrast between the method of Victor Hugo and that of another great writer in dealing with a somewhat similar theme, Defoe. Gilliatt may be said to be a sort of temporary Robinson Crusoe, but how differently is he imagined, placed, described! Everything Crusoe does is, to the reader's mind, just what he ought to do under the circumstances—full of dramatic interest, but so perfectly natural that it excites little surprise. All is

explained clearly and intelligently, and we feel that if we were landed on his island it would be familiar to us as though it had been our own home.

The proceedings of Gilliatt are described in even greater detail, but it is no discredit to the intelligence of the reader that they are incomprehensible; one can only acquiesce in the author's conclusions. The marvellous eloquence with which they are painted so carries us away with it that we cannot stop to inquire into probabilities; the majesty of the storm, the peculiarities of the sea, the sinister powers of the air, become personified, and attract to them an interest equal to that aroused by the man himself. His final conflict with the submarine monster in its palatial dwelling has no rival in the melodrama of fiction. We find ourselves gasping with the victor as he rises half dead from its loathsome embrace. There is one common ground, and one only, occupied by the respective creators of Gilliatt and Robinson Crusoe—they have neither of them a spark of humour. It was well said of the latter book by a third writer, even greater than the other two, that, notwithstanding its immense popularity, it never caused a laugh or a tear; the Herculean labours of Gilliatt are, on the other hand, full of pathos.

I am afar from the Battle of the Books, and the news of the sentence passed on the three-volume novel by the Society of Authors fills me with a sad surprise. I felt it was coming, of course; but that they should have decreed its doom so quickly and with so light a heart distresses me. Like the Northern Farmer, I am tempted to inquire whether the authorities are quite sure of what they are doing in this matter. What I have to say upon it is at least disinterested, as it is certain I shall not myself be answerable for another work of that description; but I confess at once, despite the ill-odour into which he has fallen, that I shall be sorry to see the last of my triple friend. The best novels that we have in England—the classical ones, about whose merits there is no dispute—have almost all made their first appearance in that form, with the exception of a few monthly serials, which in only two very exceptional instances have proved successful. The volumes were very handy and well printed; there was also an agreeable element of chance about them; if the first was a little dull and the second a little long, still there was always the third to put one's confidence in. The plot might excuse everything that had gone before, and be crowned by a splendid dénouement. It is possible that one of the reasons that make this form of publication appear to be unnecessary is that in many of our modern novels there is no plot to be developed, and therefore no *raison d'être* for a third volume. Persons who object to the work on account of its length, however, are probably unaware that nearly all the great masterpieces of English fiction have exceeded it. "David Copperfield" and "Vanity Fair," for example, would probably fill five ordinary volumes. The great painters demanded large canvases; they could do the "short story" if they chose—there is one in "Redgauntlet" which can compare with the best of them—but as a rule they despised the "snippet." It is quite true that the three-volume novel has been the very home of "padding"; it has contained more rubbish than any other form of publication; but had the present short-story fashion been the fashion from the first, we should have missed all that is greatest in imaginative literature. What is mainly to be hoped for from the disappearance of three-volume novels is that the vast majority of their writers will disappear with them. It is the circulating libraries alone who make their existence possible, for if such wares could only be obtained by purchase they would never be sold at all.

Upon the whole, I am compelled to think that the effect of the proposed change will eventually be beneficial to good fiction by the elimination of the rubbish; but in the meantime I am afraid even the good writers will suffer much more than is supposed. To take away their three-volume edition will be in many cases to deprive them of one distinct source of income and to give them nothing in exchange. The six-shilling form, which it is proposed to exchange for the higher priced one, they had before, and in addition to it; nor do I believe the publication of the three-volume edition interfered with the sale of its successor. The reviewers tell us that the public are impatient for their new novels, but as a matter of fact they do not form queues in Paternoster Row to procure them on the day of publication. A statement of the London Booksellers' Society in this connection strikes one as more significant than encouraging: "We are unanimously in favour of novels being published at once in a six-shilling form, and we feel convinced that not only would the bookseller order such volumes in large numbers, but that the library orders would not be diminished." This last anticipation is extraordinarily modest: it would surely be only natural to expect that orders would be increased when books are published at half their former price!

It was a favourite saying with one of the keenest of men and of editors I ever met that "no man understands his own business." He had plenty of reasons for the statement, though I have forgotten them; but what was always impressed upon the mind of his hearers was that whatever

was the business under discussion, he had it at his fingers' ends. "If I had been in it myself," he would say, "I might very well have been mistaken; the most intelligent man who gets in a groove is unable to look about him; but having observed the thing from the outside, my view is unquestionably correct." It was curious that he did not apply this principle to his own profession, for I never knew an editor more serenely certain about his judgments. Consistency, however, as I have often heard him say, is the virtue of fools, and he certainly did not belong to that category, and I should like to have had his opinion upon the step taken by the circulating libraries in this matter of the three-volume novel as regards their own interests. For my part, I am content to believe that they know their own business better than I can tell them; this idea he would, of course, have scouted, and I think he would have thought their action a dangerous experiment, akin to killing the goose for its golden egg. For if they teach people to buy books they will, in the end, perhaps, teach them to abstain from getting them on hire. It is the fashion, born of ignorance, to talk of reading in England being a dearer luxury than elsewhere, such as in America. This is quite untrue as regards all books, but especially new novels, which are brought by the library system at small cost within reach of everybody who cares to read them. It is true they are not bought till they are published in a cheap edition, but their readers do not want to buy them; moreover, it is only a few of them that ever are to be bought, since the three-volume edition is the only state of existence with which five-sixths of them ever make acquaintance. Now, it seems possible that if this advantage is to be denied to subscribers, and only cheap novels, which they might almost as well buy, are to be procured on hire, the circulating library will lose one of its chief uses and in the end be found unnecessary. It is an institution that has been very often found fault with, but for that large majority of readers who wish to be amused rather than improved it has unquestionably been a great convenience, and, for my part, I should regret its extinction.

Even if the provincial branches of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son were cut off, and also the country booksellers "in connection with Mudie," there would still, of course, remain those interesting establishments which were known as "circulating libraries" in our seaside and picturesque resorts before Smith or Mudie had their being. Dark, dusky, cavernous, they remind one of some smuggler's retreat, and even their very contents suggest that they have not been legitimately acquired. How became they possessed of the "Tales of the Castle," of the "One-Handed Monk," of "Don Sebastian" (all and-always in three vols.), for a copy of which we might ransack all London through and never light upon one? "This way, and this way only," might be written on their portals, "to 'The Old English Baron' and 'The Scottish Chiefs.'" In them still reign supreme Mrs. Radcliffe and Miss Jane Porter. None of them have any catalogue, but what a mine of old-world romance is to be found on their dusty shelves! To our modern tastes none of these books are readable, yet at one time they formed the cream of English fiction; and it is they, I suppose, to whom the critics eulogistically refer when they tell us that nowadays there is no such fiction as existed in the days of our grandfathers. This, in one sense at all events, is quite true.

Judge O'Brien, of the United States, has decided, on consultation with his brethren of the judicial bench, that the sale of "Tom Jones," of Rabelais, and the "Confessions of Rousseau" cannot be objected to. He grounds his decision on the fact that most of these volumes are choice editions, sold to those who desire them for their literary merit as specimens of fine bookmaking. It is, he says, moreover, hard to see how they come under any stronger condemnation than the high standard literature of Shakspere, Chaucer, and Sterne, without referring to many parts of the Old Testament, which are to be found in every household in the land. "What has become standard literature of the English language is not to be pronounced at this late day unfit for publication or circulation, and stamped with judicial disapprobation as hurtful to the community." This decision will seem reasonable to most people, but especially so to the creditors of the bookselling company in liquidation who were threatened with a contrary judgment, the effect of which would have been to deprive them of these classical assets. If the case had gone otherwise, there is no saying where the objectors would have stopped, some of them having already protested against Longfellow, in whose "Building of the Ship" their fine noses have detected something unsavoury.

It is curious that the same sort of fanaticism, though accompanied, probably, by a still greater amount of ignorance, was exhibited the other day by the Salvation Army—though it is fair to say in New Zealand, so that they may have been a native contingent. They had a "novel-burning day," and the works they selected for cremation were those of Thackeray and Dickens. Conceive the works of Charles Dickens being considered contrary to religion and good morals! One of the well-known peculiarities of the anti-everythingarians is their colossal ignorance of the subjects they select for attack; but this last example of it seems to beat the record.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Admiral Field rarely fails to tickle the House under its lee, and he was particularly successful in Supply the other evening when he described the Government as "regarding the measure with averted eyes." I forget the subject of this singular performance of the Ministerial organ of vision; but the gallant Admiral might have applied the phrase with great propriety to Sir William Harcourt's attitude towards his own motion for "guillotining" debate on the Evicted Tenants Bill. Never was the Chancellor of the Exchequer more solemn. He was driven to this step by a painful necessity. Personally he had no love of closure, but considering the multitude of amendments on the paper, and the fact that it had taken the House two days to get through two lines of the Bill, he was unable to see any prospect of a reasonable limit to debate, unless drastic restrictions were employed. With this, the Chancellor, almost tearful, sat down, and surveyed the subsequent proceedings with his eyes more "averted" than ever. Mr. Balfour denounced the resolution with great rhetorical vigour. It degraded Parliament; it reduced discussion to a farce; it trampled on the rights of the minority. He would be no party to any discussion truncated in this arbitrary way. On this he was gently reminded by Mr. Morley that the Parnell Commission Bill had been passed by the same method. With this reminiscence in his mind, the Chief Secretary declined to accept Mr. Balfour as a champion of the traditions of the House. Mr. Chamberlain followed in his liveliest vein, taunted the Government with the mess they would be in with the Irish amendments to the Bill, and while not disapproving of the "guillotine" in the abstract, refused to acknowledge that a Government with a small majority had any right to employ it. The size of the majority which would warrant this procedure was prudently left to conjecture. As for the Bill, Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Balfour, washed his hands of it.

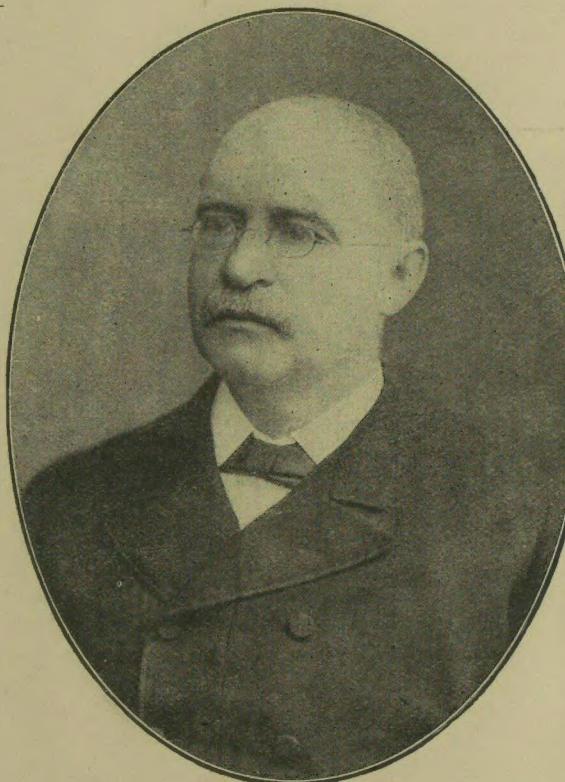
And now came one of those surprises which make the House far more dramatic than any stage. Mr. Courtney has never been regarded as an orator. He is in the habit of giving fatherly advice to the Commons, and he has always been respected for his independence of character, but his are not lips on which a listening Senate habitually hangs; yet the House became suddenly aware that Mr. Courtney was delivering not only the most memorable speech of his life, but one of the most impressive speeches that Parliament has ever heard. Usually the member for Bodmin speaks in an easy colloquial tone, without any special emphasis of phrase. On this occasion his deep voice was evidently inspired by great emotion; he was very pale, and his delivery had the force and authority of one who was bearing disinterested witness. I am afraid that neither the manner nor the matter of Mr. Courtney's speech was very agreeable to his political colleagues, especially as his chief points were greeted with prolonged cheers from the Ministerial and Irish benches. He spoke strongly for the settlement of the particular agrarian question at issue mainly on the lines of the Bill, objecting to the voluntary agreement of landlord and tenant proposed by the Opposition in lieu of the compulsion demanded by Mr. Morley. A voluntary arrangement would be excellent; but why leave it at the mercy of an unreasonable landlord? As the Marquis of Clanricarde has loomed large in these debates, this was an effective point. As for the resolution before the House, Mr. Courtney deplored it; but who was responsible? Who had brought Parliament to such a pass? Was the Government to blame for impetuosity or undue haste? Or did not the responsibility rather lie with the irreconcilable section of Irish landlords, assisted by members who had no special knowledge of the Irish question? And was it not a pity that the leaders who might have kept these elements in check made no effort in that direction? Here Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Hanbury seemed a little amused by the eminence accorded to them. Mr. Hanbury smiled serenely, thinking, no doubt, with just pride of the sixty or seventy amendments which his unaided genius had contributed to the analysis of the first clause of the Bill. But the great body of the Opposition sat and glowered at this unexpected accuser. Mr. Courtney went on to lament that the Unionist leaders had decided to take no further part in the discussion of Mr. Morley's measure, and that another opportunity of healing the agrarian "plague-spots" in Ireland would be lost. With a final appeal to the better judgment of the House, he ended the most singularly moving speech I have heard for some sessions.

It would have been well for the Government if they had allowed their case to rest on the indisputable strength of Mr. Courtney's impartial judgment. But Sir William Harcourt weakened the position by an unfortunate phrase about the "Parliamentary cowardice" of the threatened secession of the Opposition from the proceedings of the House. As everybody immediately remembered the famous occasion in the late Parliament when the whole Liberal party, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, walked out, as a protest against the "gagging" of debate on the Crimes Bill, Sir William's indignation fell flat. But Mr. Goschen, in his best croaking-raven-dothing-bellow-for-revenge manner, failed to make head against the moral effect of Mr. Courtney's address, and Colonel Saunderson scarcely raised the spirits of his friends by the jocular suggestion that the Government had met argument against their Bill with the imprecation, "Go and be gagged!" It was clear that compromise was beyond hope, for Mr. Balfour insisted that a reasonable discussion of the Bill would far exceed the time allotted by the Government at the fag-end of the session. This plea was urged with much skill, but, the Government remaining obdurate, the House went to a division, and Ministers had a majority of forty-three. Thus Mr. Courtney's speech had no immediate fruit, but I shall be greatly surprised if it does not have the effect of hastening the decision of the House to consider the whole question of its procedure, which is at present lamentably deficient in sense.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE IMPENDING WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Although no formal declaration of war between the Japanese and Chinese Empires had been notified up to the end of July, there has been a very fierce act of warfare, apparently of needless cruelty, inflicting sudden death on many hundreds of Chinese soldiers who were in a defenceless position on board a hired transport, one probably bearing the British flag. This took place on Friday, July 27, off Fon-tao, or Round Island, on the west coast of Corea in the Yellow Sea, where seven transports, convoyed by the Chinese war-ships *Chen-Yuen* and *Tshao-Yong* or *Ko-tse*, with a dispatch-boat, were attacked by three powerful Japanese war-ships, the *Akitsushima*, the *Takachiho*, and the *Hi-yei*. The Chinese war-ships, after a short combat, in which the smallest of them was captured, seem to have deserted the transports, and most of these escaped, returning to China; but one, named the *Kow-Shing*, belonging to Messrs. Jardine and Matheson, and commanded by Captain Galsworthy, was pursued and driven into a bay, where she was boarded by an officer from a Japanese war-ship. There are different accounts of what this officer proposed, either to take off the English captain and officers and the crew, and then to sink the vessel, or that Captain Galsworthy should bring the vessel to a Japanese port. But, having some fifteen hundred Chinese soldiers on board, Captain Galsworthy bravely refused. The Japanese officer then went on board his own ship, which instantly opened fire on the *Kow-Shing*, and discharged torpedoes at her, so that the vessel sank in a few minutes. All the officers, who were Englishmen, are said to have perished, as well as all the Chinese soldiers, and a German military officer, Captain von Hanneken, but forty coolies were saved. There were rumours on Aug. 1



THE HON. J. H. HOFMEYR, M.L.A., CAPE COLONY.

of other naval encounters, of the sinking of the great Chinese ironclad *Chen-Yuen*, and the loss of two Chinese deck-plated cruisers, in a battle on July 30, but the truth of this report is much doubted.

THE INFANT PRINCE.

The current biographical record, up to this date, of the actions and fortunes of his Royal Highness Prince Edward Albert, only son of the Duke and Duchess of York, grandson of the Prince of Wales, and great-grandchild of her Majesty the Queen, is scarcely of a nature to be suitable for public comment; yet we may be allowed to express again our belief that his career has so far been one of constant prosperity, and that his personal merits and talents, which cannot be denied, require only time and due training, under the care of his illustrious parents and those whom they may appoint, to be manifest to the whole nation. "There's a divinity doth hedge a King"—even in the cradle; and this babe may be a King some day. We all wish him well, from the cradle to the throne, in every circumstance of a life which we hope will be prolonged through the better part of the next century, and in which he may be able to do some good to the country which keeps a Crown for its Princes in direct inheritance from our estimable reigning Queen.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The official declaration, on Thursday, Aug. 2, of hostilities to be practised for ten days between the "Red" and "Blue" fleets, on the seas off the coasts of Ireland, to the east and to the west and to the south, barring a forbidden belt south-west of Cape Clear, finds every squadron at its appointed post to begin active operations. Vice-Admiral R. O'B. Fitzroy, with the "A" division of the "Red," is at Falmouth, and the "B" division of the same force is at Berehaven, under Rear-Admiral A. T. Dale. The "C" division of the "Blue," under command of Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour, lies at Queenstown, and Rear-Admiral Drummond, with the "D" division of the "Blue," lies in the Shannon, but these cannot form a junction to the south of Ireland; they must go northward; and try to join in the Irish Sea or St. George's Channel, at the same time protecting the coast of Wales against the "Red" attack from Falmouth, as well as defending the Mersey; while they have to deal with "Red" torpedo-boats in Belfast Lough.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STATESMAN.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. HOFMEYR.

Mr. Hofmeyr is not, one is tempted to think, fond of interviewers. Before he became a statesman he was a journalist himself, the editor of one of the best of Cape newspapers, the *Volkstem*; perhaps that explains an antipathy which even his genial courtesy can hardly hide. Perhaps, too, he has suffered from such an experience as that which befel Mr. Froude, who just before he went out to South Africa in the troublous times of 1884 had talked freely with a friend on South African politics, as he thought in private conversation, only on reaching Table Bay to have the *Argus* handed to him with the same conversation set out at length, and a furious leader attached holding him up to indignation.

But, happily, there is no need now to ply Mr. Hofmeyr with awkward questions about South African policy. The past decade has cleared away many of the difficulties which filled Mr. Froude with misgiving, and the direction of future development is so clearly marked out in the minds of the leaders at home and in the colony that South African politicians are able to turn their thoughts to larger imperial questions. Hence the presence of Mr. Hofmeyr as one of the delegates of Cape Colony, and the spokesman of the Dutch Afrikaner party, at the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa, from which he is now returning, taking London on his homeward route.

Of the Intercolonial Conference Mr. Hofmeyr is quite ready to talk, though illness, from which he is still a partial sufferer, kept him a prisoner at Montreal during much of the proceedings, and made it impossible for him to share in the festivities which added so largely to the success of the gathering. Still, he saw enough of Canada and the Canadian people to make him appreciate the value of political and commercial association with them. He found Canadian statesmen grappling with racial problems hardly less complex than those with which his own life-work has been largely concerned. With them, as with him, conciliation and co-operation in peaceful expansion form the key-note of success; and when he heard the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec assert in French the loyalty of his fellow-countrymen to British institutions, he might well have given a similar pledge in the Dutch tongue for those whose leader he is in the Cape Assembly.

Mr. Hofmeyr will not admit that the federal question as it arises in Canada had much practical significance for South Africa. He may or may not share the dream of a federated British South Africa which cost Lord Carnarvon and the Empire so dearly years ago, but he thinks it wise to take one step at the time, and such a political union between province and province as Canada has enjoyed for a quarter of a century is not to be thought of as a question of practical politics at this moment in South Africa. It is enough to know that federation through the post-office and by means of telegraphs and railways is leading the way to federation through the Customs, and the rest may be left to the future.

"Wherein then," the South African statesman was asked, "lies the chief significance of the Conference to you?"

"Undoubtedly in the fact that the self-governing colonies have declared with practical unanimity for closer trade relations within the Empire. Upon that general ground the delegates were absolutely agreed; they wish to see the Empire treated by its members as a trade unit, and all goods passing from one British country to another placed upon a more favoured Customs basis than is accorded to the like products of foreign countries."

"In fact, your own proposal at the Colonial Conference of 1887 for a two-per-cent levy upon all foreign imports into the Empire for the purpose of imperial defence?"

"The two per cent was only mentioned incidentally in my explanatory speech in 1887, and the proceeds would, of course, be used as might be thought best, but the principle is the same, and has now the support of the self-governing colonies."

"England blocks the way."

"A great change of this kind cannot be accomplished in a day. It must take some time. The official element is against it. Your national traditions are largely against it; but, nevertheless, I believe opinion is growing, especially in view of the new and permanent bond of union which it would establish between the Colonies mutually, and the Colonies and the Empire also."

"But mind you, there is no thought of dictation to England. The very fear that such a construction might possibly be put upon the resolution led to the only suggestion of opposition at the Conference, and we all agreed that it was not for the Colonies to say what this country should or should not do. In the meanwhile the Colonies can come closer together with one another, and for this purpose the Conference specifically named the South African Customs Union—though it includes a non-British State—as coming within the scope of such intercolonial trade arrangements. The importance of that step must be patent to all."

"The cable question also had an interest for you in South Africa?"

"I should myself like to have initiated a full discussion of the whole question of the cables of the Empire—the sufficiency or otherwise of the existing systems; the defence needs of the Empire in the way of cables; the cost of remedying defects, and the apportionment of the cost; and the desirability of nationalising the cables as we have nationalised the inland telegraphs in England and in South Africa. But my illness at Montreal so delayed my attendance at the Conference that I could only have a Saturday for such a general cable discussion, and what can one do on a Saturday? As it is, the Conference kept South Africa in mind, and resolved that in the case of the construction of a cable between Canada and Australasia it should be extended to the Cape of Good Hope, and for that purpose the Imperial and South African Governments should jointly survey this extension. Such a cable would be a great boon and relief to South Africa, and extensions, say, to St. Helena and the West Indies would complete a girdle of the Empire. The Conference, you will see, did as much as could be fairly expected—with what final results we cannot yet say."

For the portrait of Mr. Hofmeyr we are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of *South Africa*.



THE IMPENDING WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: ON BOARD A CHINESE TROOP-SHIP.



PRINCE EDWARD ALBERT, SON OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

Drawn from Life by A. Forestier.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne, with Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg), Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Princess Alix of Hesse.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, left England on Tuesday evening, July 31, travelling by way of Brussels to St. Petersburg, to be present at the wedding of the Russian Grand Duchess Xenia, on Monday, Aug. 6.

The Prince of Wales has been the guest of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood during the Goodwood races.

The Duchess of York has returned from White Lodge, Richmond Park, to York House, St. James's, and on Sunday, July 29, attended worship at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Her Royal Highness, the day before, in the same chapel, went through the usual religious service after childbirth. The Duke and Duchess of York have also appeared at the Gaiety Theatre. On Saturday, the 28th, they received the address of congratulation from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife, who left town on July 27 for Scotland, will reside until the middle of August at Duff House, their seat in Banffshire, after which they will go to New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, until the end of October. The Duke and Duchess are to receive visits at Braemar from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and there will be a series of deer drives in Mar Forest, which is one of the best shootings in Scotland, and extends over 80,000 acres.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, of which Mr. George Livesey is chairman, and Captain Heathorn deputy-chairman, celebrated on July 28, at the Old Kent Road Gasworks, the fifth annual festival of its bonus-profit sharing system, established in June 1889. The Duke of Devonshire, whose position as chief of the Labour Inquiry Commission has made him well acquainted with this interesting experiment in the improvement of

The Institute of Naval Architects has been holding its annual meeting at Southampton. Lord Brassey delivered the annual address, and papers on various technical subjects have been read.

The Wesleyan Conference has, after some debate at Birmingham, formally disapproved of a scheme that had been proposed for "separating chairmen of districts from circuit or departmental work."

The Oxford University Extension summer meeting of students began on July 27. Lectures were delivered by Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. Graham Wallas, the Rev. Hudson Shaw, and Mr. Arthur Hassall, in history; and by Mr. A. H. Fison and Professor Poulton, in natural science.

The British Medical Association has held its sixty-second annual meeting at Bristol; Dr. E. Long Fox, the president, delivered an address on the relations of the medical profession with the State.

The trial, in London, for the murder of Mrs. Rasch, wife of a German lodging-house keeper in Shaftesbury Avenue, ended on July 28, the jury finding Paul Koczula guilty of wilful murder and convicting Schmerfeld of having been accessory before the fact. Both men were sentenced to death. The wife of Koczula was acquitted.

Two well-known popular agitators in London, Cantwell and Quinn, have been convicted at the Central Criminal Court of making seditious and inflammatory speeches, exciting to crime, on Tower Hill, and have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adjourned, after passing the Government Bill for the repression of Anarchist conspiracies by a majority of 268 against 163 votes. The trial of the Anarchist Meunier, who was arrested in London and extradited, for complicity in the Café Véry and other outrages, took place at the Seine Assizes. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

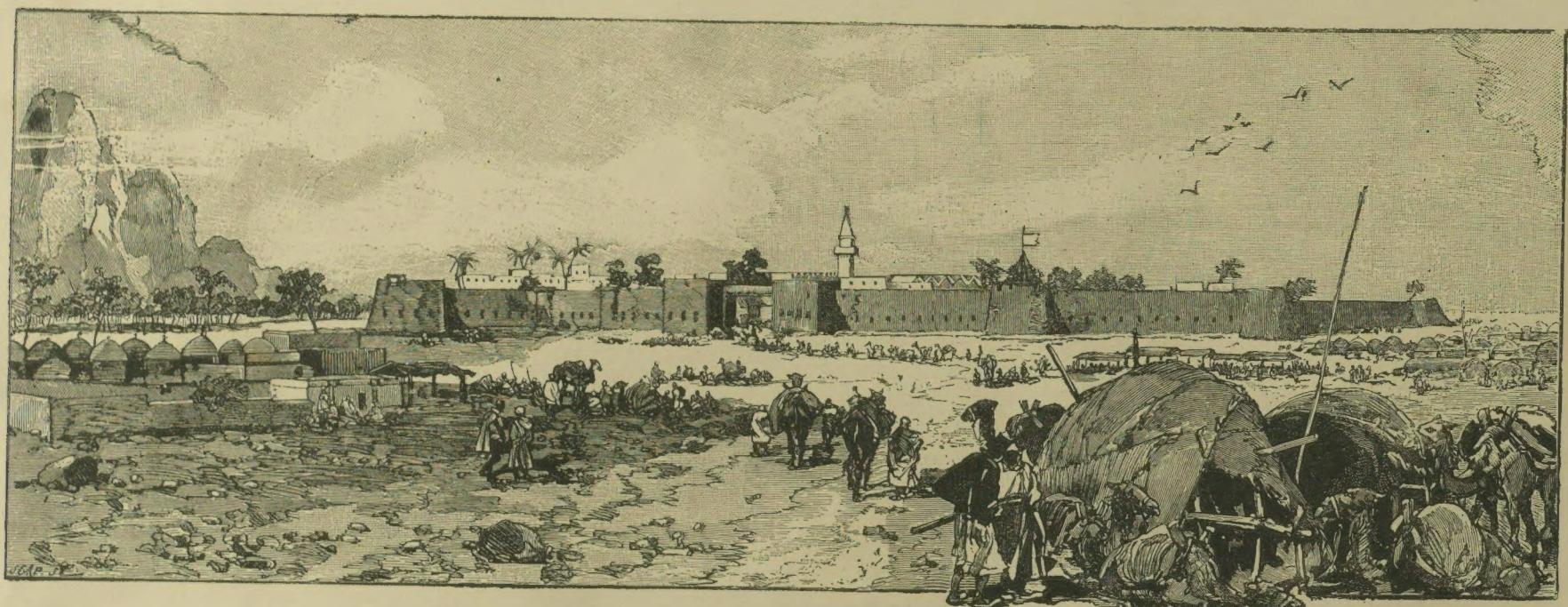
The new anti-Anarchist law, which comes into force in Switzerland, gives the Federal Government power to expel

KASSALA, IN THE SOUDAN.

The recent victory of the Italian troops in the Eastern Soudan, under General Baratieri, has recovered this town from the so-called "Dervishes," who are identical with the followers of the Mahdi and of Osman Digna nine or ten years ago, being a confederacy of Mohammedan tribal chieftains, joined by some of Arab race, hostile to Egypt and to all European influence. Kassala lay far out of the range of the military operations conducted at that period by the British garrison of Souakin, as well as far beyond the scope of Lord Wolseley's Khartoum expedition up the Nile; but it is a place of much importance, being a centre of trade between Abyssinia and Egypt. It is situated in the Khor el Gach, on a large tributary of the great river Atbara, which flows into the Blue Nile. In the year 1891, after some negotiations with the British Government, on behalf of the Khedive, it was agreed that Italy might, as a military measure, occupy Kassala on the understanding that it should be restored to Egypt whenever Egypt might be in a position to hold it.

HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway announce that the availability of ordinary return tickets to and from London and the seaside will extend over the August Bank Holiday. The availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, and the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Sunday or Monday, also the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Sunday, Monday or Tuesday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Wednesday, Aug. 8. Special Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. On Saturday, Aug. 4, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,



KASSALA, IN THE SOUDAN, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS.

Sketch by M. D. Mosconas.

industrial organisation, was present upon the gratifying occasion, and made an encouraging speech. It appears that during the past five years the workmen have received £51,778 from bonuses and allowances made for reducing the cost of producing gas; half of this money has been deposited with the company, bearing interest, while of the remainder, some portion has been voluntarily invested in the company's shares, and some in building societies or trusts for the benefit of the workpeople. The directors provide for relief in case of accidents to those employed, and for the wives and children of any who may be killed.

The London County Council has adjourned for the holidays until Oct. 2; the rate for the next six months will be nearly sevenpence in the pound. Some proposals are to be made to the Home Office for the extension of the London cab radius of distances, and to consider the practicability of uniform mileage within this radius for any distance.

The London School Board has likewise adjourned till Sept. 27, and has fixed Nov. 22 as the date of election of the new Board for the next three years.

An International Congress of Workers in the Textile Manufactures, assembled at Manchester, has been discussing the question of legal regulation of hours of labour, the foreign delegates making statements as to the duration of the day's work in their respective countries, and declaring themselves to be in favour of State interference. The Congress has passed a resolution in favour of a legal eight-hours day or forty-eight hours week for workmen in Europe and America.

The Rural Labourers' League, promoted by leading members of the Conservative and Unionist Opposition party, has held its annual meeting in London. The report stated that the efforts to secure allotment land for the working classes had been successful, and had shown the Allotments Acts of 1887 and 1890 to be of great and increasing value. Sir Henry James, who presided, said that the League had done much to improve the position of the agricultural labourer, and to counteract the influence of a party which was making the wildest and most subversive appeals to the rural population. It was agreed that the League should consider schemes framed by the Charity Commissioners, with a view to the maintenance of the rights of field-workers.

both native and foreign Anarchists, and enacts heavy penalties for the illegal possession or manipulation of explosives, as well as for inciting or defending Anarchist outrages in the public press or elsewhere.

The Danish royal family has enjoyed a pleasing festival—that of the silver wedding of their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess, who were married on July 28, 1869. The Crown Prince Frederick, eldest son of King Christian IX., is fifty-one. His wife, the Crown Princess Louise, eight years younger than her husband, is the only daughter of the late King Carl XV. of Sweden and Norway, and sister of the present King Oscar II.

The Government of Spain has published a decree to the effect that, pending the ratification of any other commercial treaties, the products of France, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Denmark, and Germany shall enjoy the same advantages as Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Holland, on condition that the lowest tariffs of the respective countries are made applicable to Spanish products.

In Germany the city of Jena has presented Prince Bismarck with its honorary freedom in remembrance of his visit two years ago. A fountain has been erected in the market-place, upon the spot where Prince Bismarck delivered his famous speech.

The Italian Government is now carefully studying all the retrenchments possible in the Budget to carry out the promise to effect savings of at least 20 million lire without reducing the war strength of the army. The directors of the Banca Romana and other persons tried with them on charges of fraud have been acquitted. The case had lasted three months.

The rejection by the English and German Bondholders' Committees of the proposals signed by their delegates at Athens in conjunction with M. Tricoupi is considered in the Greek capital to be cause for regret. The French committee have accepted the arrangement made.

The election scandal inquiries in the colony of Newfoundland have resulted in finding Sir William Whiteway, the late Premier, and most of his Ministerial colleagues, and Mr. Emerson, the late Speaker, guilty of bribery and corruption. They are unseated, and debarred from future election.

Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 6 inclusive. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 3, 4, and 5, special cheap return tickets to Brighton will be issued from London, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 6, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announces that their West-End offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the usual offices; and also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster, and the Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Hook of Holland route to the Continent offers exceptional facilities for visiting Holland and Germany. Passengers leaving London at 8.30 p.m. any evening, Sundays included, and Parkstone Quay, Harwich, at 10.15 p.m. the same day, by one of the Great Eastern Railway Company's fine twin-screw steamers, are due at Amsterdam, the Hague, and the chief Dutch towns early next morning. For the Antwerp Exhibition cheap weekly return tickets will be issued, and, should the traffic require it, a second steamer will be run on Thursday, Aug. 2, and Saturday, Aug. 4. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street station at 8.30 p.m. every weekday are landed in Antwerp early the next morning, close to the Exhibition; and, as the last four hours of the voyage are spent in steaming up the river Scheldt, they can breakfast comfortably on board. The steamers leave Antwerp at 6.45 p.m. every weekday, and table d'hôte is served on board during the passage down the Scheldt. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich at 10.30 p.m. Aug. 1 and 4, and return from Hamburg Aug. 5 and 7.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Walter Pater's death is a serious loss to real literature. With a style which suffered somewhat from excess

of architecture, Mr. Pater maintained a classic tradition of English prose, and exercised a considerable influence over a generation of Oxonians. To light-minded parodists he was the prophet of what is called the "precious" school, but his wide culture and his constant stimulus to intellectual life counted

for not a little among the higher elements of University discipline. Mr. Pater had a distinguished career at Oxford, and became a Fellow of Brasenose in 1864 at the age of twenty-three. In 1873 he published the book by which he is best known, "The Studies on the History of the Renaissance," a subject which lent itself to all the resources of a fastidious taste. His most characteristic work is "Marius the Epicurean," which illustrates with the greatest effect his constant aim to rarefy, so to speak, "the elements of distinction in life," and leaves the everyday changes and accidents to the coarser atmosphere of the humdrum. Undoubtedly Mr. Pater carried this theory to an extreme which bordered perilously on the ridiculous. The commonplace in life has sometimes a deadly humour which rises and mocks at such an aspiration as that of burning "always with a gem-like flame." Absolutely sincere himself, Mr. Pater was the innocent cause of much affectation in others, but when the average influences which shape character at Oxford are considered it cannot be fairly denied that Pater's deep love of literature and unflagging pursuit of the ideal in thought and expression exercised a beneficial authority. His last work was an edition, published in 1893, of his lectures on "Plato and Platonism."

Royal etiquette is offended by the bicycling costume for ladies. The Princess Maria, King Humbert's sister-in-law, complained that a military guard refused to salute her when she appeared before them in her sportswoman's array. The Italian Minister of War referred the matter to the King, who declared that the guard had acted rightly, and that even a princess in such a dress ought not to be recognised. More than that, King Humbert sentenced his sister-in-law to exile from the Court for two months. As she seems to be a woman of spirit, Princess Maria will probably revenge herself by riding to Paris on her bicycle. After that she had better visit England, where the spectacle of "a lady of royal lineage" in a knickerbocker suit would promptly set a fashion, and cause King Humbert to be reviled by an emancipated womanhood as a mediaeval tyrant.

Many Londoners must be unaware that in Strand Lane, an alley off the Strand, there is an ancient Roman bath, perfectly preserved, and fed by the springs which were flowing there seventeen centuries ago. This historical relic is carefully maintained; but another bath, supposed to have been built by the Earl of Essex, of Elizabethan fame, and supplied with water from the same spring, is threatened with destruction. The proprietor of a new hotel proposes to use the site for a larder. This is legitimate enough from the hotel-keeper's point of view, though it might be a shrewder stroke of business to preserve the bath, and mention it in the advertisement. There are many people who would come to London and stay at the hotel solely for the historic luxury of getting into a bath which may have been used by the Earl of Essex. But what is the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest" about? Why does it not step in and save the bath? Lord Rosebery is a National Trustee, and he takes an interest in baths, as witness the splendid one at the People's Palace. Why does he not intervene to avert that larder?

The London Irish Volunteers have to regret the death of Major Arthur Blennerhassett Leech, the founder of that gallant corps, and their leader in many notable shooting matches, not only at Wimbledon, competing with the English and Scottish teams for the Elcho Challenge Shield, which Ireland has ten times won, but also in America, upon two occasions, especially at Philadelphia in 1876. This gentleman, a native of

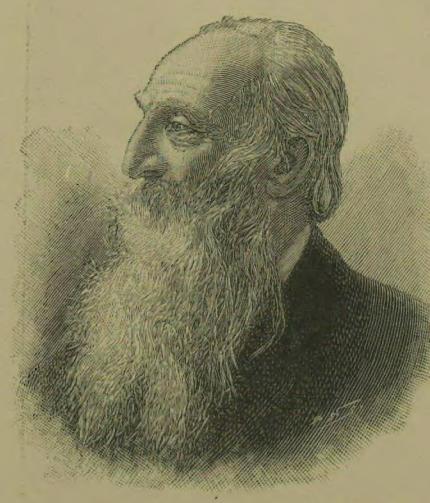


Photo by Goldbold, Hastings.

THE LATE MAJOR A. B. LEECH.

Sligo, was a successful practising barrister at Bombay for ten years, after which he became agent for extensive estates in Ireland, and ultimately purchased landed property

in Roscommon, but has resided chiefly in London for a long time past. He has died at the good old age of seventy-nine.

Mr. William Watson has written another National Anthem. It is no flattery to say that from a literary point of view it is superior to the song which loyal Britons are wont to sing on patriotic occasions. But does Mr. Watson suppose that a miscellaneous assemblage would prefer to—

Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix.
God save the Queen!

this strain?—

Too long, that some may rest,
Tired millions toil unblest.
God lift our lowliest.
God save our land!

There is something to be said for this sentiment, no doubt; but who wants to sing speculative criticism of the social system? Long after Mr. Watson's anthem is forgotten, loyal throats will still shout confusion to "knavish tricks" without the slightest reference to any "tricks" in particular.

At the summer graduation ceremony of the University of Glasgow, held on July 26, the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and

Master in
Surgery was
conferred on
women can-
didates, for
the first time
in the history
of any of the
Scottish Uni-
versities. The
two lady
graduates
who have
had the
honour of
leading the
way in this
new depar-
ture are Miss
Marion Gil-
christ, of
Bothwell,
and Miss
Alice Lilian
Louisa Cum-
ming, of Glasgow.

Both have studied in Queen Margaret College, now the Women's Department of the University of Glasgow, for seven years—three years in arts and four years in medicine, their clinical work having been taken in the Royal Infirmary and Sick Children's Hospital. The University degree in arts not being at that time open to women, Miss Gilchrist took in arts the general certificate of Queen Margaret College. She now appears on the University graduation lists as the third in rank of the six candidates who took the degree of M.B.C.M., "with high commendation." The total number of graduates was sixty-one, of whom five took honours, six high commendation, eight commendation, and forty-two passes.

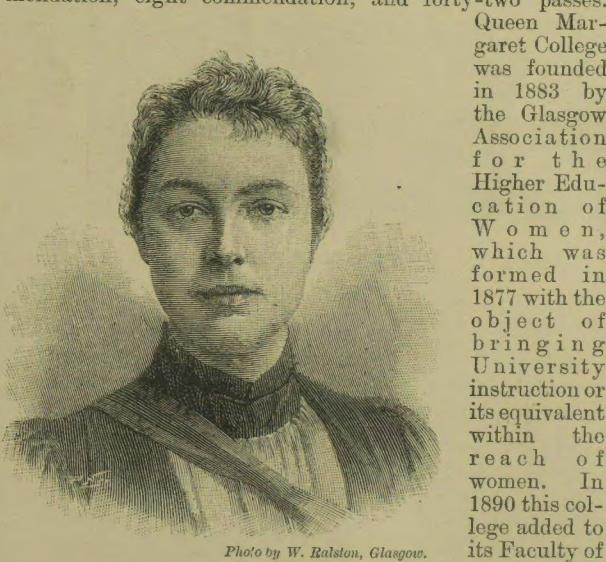


Photo by Warneke, Glasgow.
MISS MARION GILCHRIST.

Queen Margaret College was founded in 1883 by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women, which was formed in 1877 with the object of bringing University instruction or its equivalent within the reach of women. In 1890 this college added to its Faculty of Arts a School of Medicine for Women, organised entirely on University lines, and with the view of preparing for University degrees. In 1892, in consequence of the ordinance of the Universities' Commissioners authorising the Scottish Universities to admit women to instruction and graduation, Queen Margaret College became the Women's Department of the University of Glasgow; and its classes in medicine, taken previously to its incorporation with the University, were recognised as preparing for the degree. The first two lady graduates in medicine were heartily congratulated by a large assembly at the ceremony of conferring degrees.

It was the happy fortune of the *Chester Courier* to publish on July 31 an exclusive piece of information of considerable interest. This was the betrothal of Prince Adolphus of Teck to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, eldest unmarried daughter of the Duke of Westminster. The bridegroom is the eldest brother of the Duchess of York and son of the popular Duchess of Teck and her husband, the Duke of Teck, G.C.B. Prince Adolphus, who has, in addition to the name by which he is familiarly known, eight other names, was born on Aug. 13, 1868; he is a handsome young man, and very much liked in society. The future bridegroom holds the rank of a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers; he is extremely fond of hunting, and in this respect shares the sympathies of his fiancée. Lady Margaret Grosvenor comes of a distinguished lineage, tracing its history from a family which flourished in Normandy for a century and a half prior to

the conquest of England. The house of Grosvenor received its surname from the office of "le Grovenour" held by it in Normandy. Lady Margaret is a splendid rider to hounds. It may be remembered that while hunting in January last she was thrown from her horse, which failed to take a fence. In Chester, where the Duke and his family are deservedly held in high esteem, news of the approaching marriage has been the subject of much congratulation.

Eton College has lost its senior assistant master by the death of the Rev. Edward Hale, which is ascribed to a

chill taken

at Lord's

cricket-

ground when

the Eton and

Harrow

match was

played. He

was sixty-six

years of age,

and had been

forty-four

years a

master at

Eton, at first

in the mathe-

matical

teaching but

subsequently

in natural

science. His

own earlier

education was

completed at

Emmanuel

College, Cam-

bridge, where he took his degree in 1850 and obtained

Church orders, but never, we believe, held a living as a clergyman. Mr. Hale was an active Volunteer, and was Quartermaster of the Eton College Rifles. He was very popular among the scholars and enjoyed much social esteem.

The assertion that Lord Coleridge is so undecided as to his status, pending the result of the Parliamentary inquiry into the circumstances of his accession to the peerage, that he has caused his initials outside his chambers in the Temple to be painted out, is a figment. It is true that a painter came one day and obliterated the words "Mr. Bernard." Fatigued by the exertion he retired to recruit his exhausted energies, and some inquisitive journalist came along and jumped to conclusions. The painter returned so much refreshed that he was able to paint the word "Lord" before the surname.

Although Leconte de Lisle had been during the last ten years one of the most honoured members of the French Academy, and appreciated to its full value a seat among the forty Immortals, he held a unique place in the lofty estimation of such men as Maurice Barres and the half-dozen others who constitute the younger school of French writers. They saw in him the successor of his great friend and master, Victor Hugo, while he on his side had all a Frenchman's love of young people, and notwithstanding his seventy-five years of life, up to the very end kept himself posted in all that was going on. Every Saturday would gather round him a group of young men, each of very different opinions and intellectual sympathies from himself, but all claiming to possess that *amour du beau* which had become almost a religion to their host. The author of "Poèmes Barbares" lived in modest comfort on an income which the most humble member of the Incorporated Society of Authors would consider curiously inadequate. His little study, a charming sunlit room, lined with books, and boasting of a specially fine edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott—the poet's favourite author, by the way—looked out on the Boulevard Saint Michel, and the students of the Quartier Latin were one and all familiar with the tall and imposing-looking figure, which with the long grey hair and old-fashioned single eyeglass framed in a tortoiseshell rim, spent long hours pacing up and down the Luxembourg garden, sometimes with a friend, oftener alone. M. de Lisle delighted in colour, and among his cherished personal possessions was a cap made of red Venetian velvet, presented to him by a lady disciple, and which he wore when some especially favoured visitor was expected. Like most great writers, he was sincerely modest where his own works were concerned.

The British Institute of Public Health, on Thursday, July 26, and the four following days, held its annual congress. The opening meeting was at the Mansion House, where the congress was welcomed by the Lord Mayor. The City of London maintained its high reputation for hospitality by giving a most successful soirée as a conclusion to the session on July 31. About two thousand guests were received by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall, and music and dancing made the evening exceedingly pleasant. We give an illustration of the gold badges, made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 158, Oxford Street, W., for the use of the reception committee on the occasion. The badge is oval in form, surrounded by a rich scroll border with medicinal leaves interspersed. In the centre is shown a serpent entwined round the staff of Aesculapius and drinking from a cup. An enamelled ribbon bears the name of the Institute in gold letters.

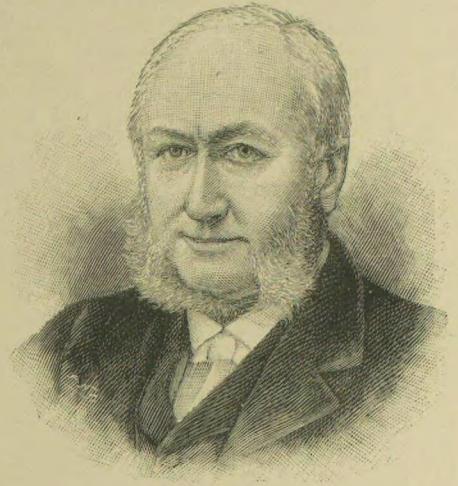
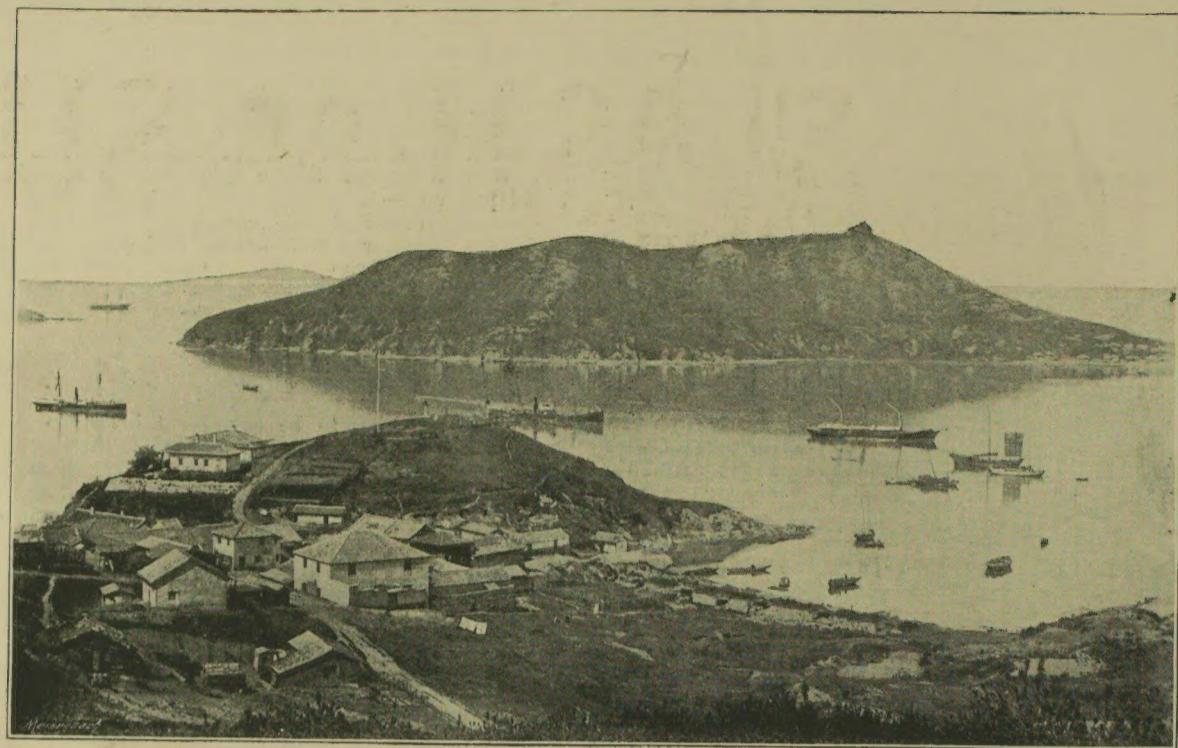


Photo by Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE REV. EDWARD HALE, M.A.

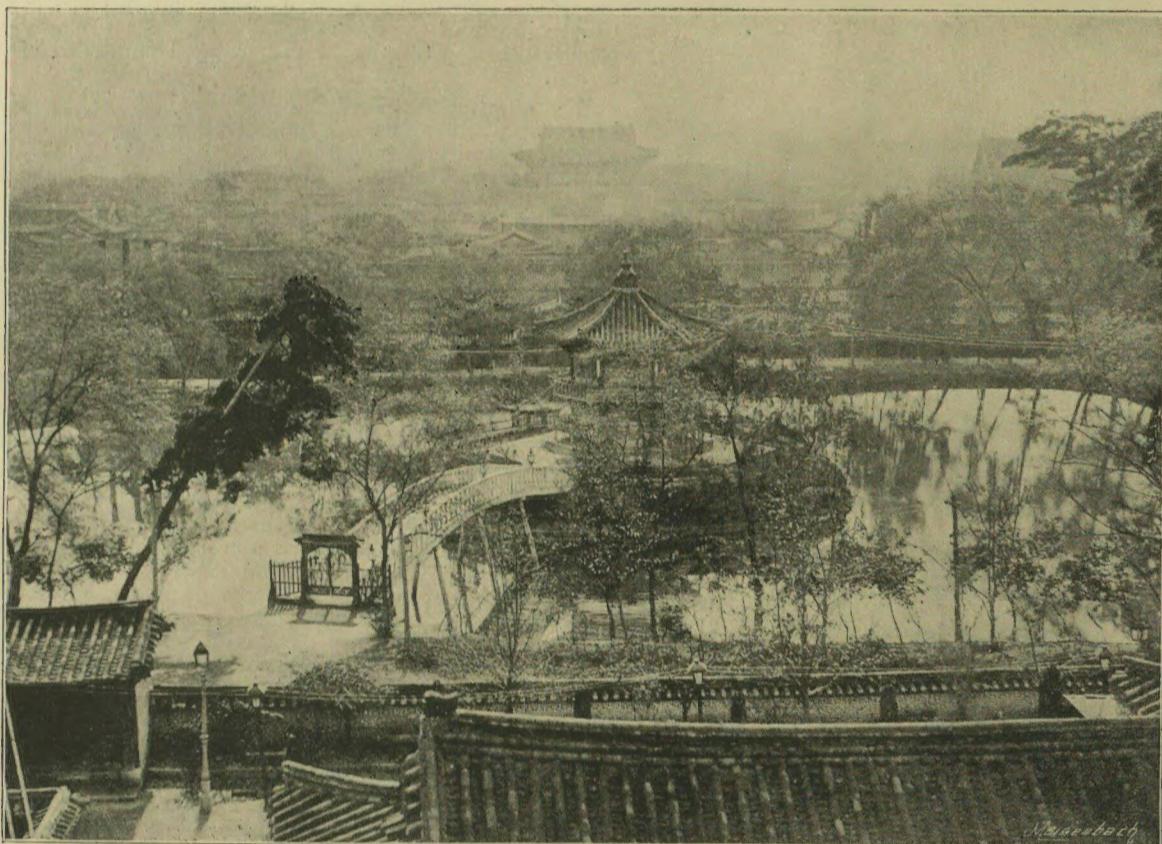


VIEWS OF COREA.

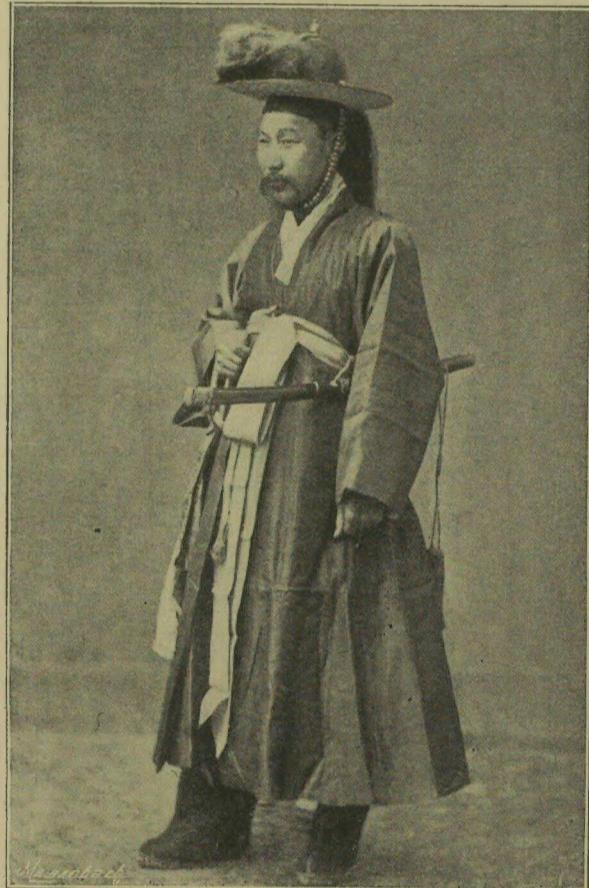
The singular and sequestered nation of Mongolian race inhabiting the large peninsula of Eastern Asia between the Chinese "Yellow Sea" and the Japanese islands in the North Pacific Ocean cannot be regarded as savage, but is probably the least tinged with modern civilisation, certainly the most remote from European progressive influences, of any equally large community on earth, having for ages past rejected all foreign commercial intercourse and resisted the ideas and customs of its powerful neighbours. The Coreans, estimated in number at nearly nine millions, are quite distinct in race from the Manchu Tartars, as well as from the Chinese and the Japanese; their spoken language is akin, in some degree, to that of Japan and the Loo-choo Islands, but they use the Chinese written signs for things and thoughts without knowing Chinese words; and they have some tincture of Buddhism, also of the Lao-tse religion of China. Their political institutions, however, are different from the Chinese, involving an hereditary privileged aristocracy and priesthood, together with an absolute monarchy. The King is a well-meaning, inoffensive, but very weak-minded man, completely under the thumb of the Queen, whose family is all powerful, while the Crown Prince is said to be mentally imbecile. Hence the recent intervention of Japan, demanding certain administrative reforms, as there are some two or three thousand Japanese traders or industrialists settled at the south-eastern extremity of Corea. The chief ports and towns of Corea are situated on its western side, fronting China. The capital city, named Seoul, the King's residence, is some twenty-five miles inland from the port of Chemulpo, of which we present some views.



CONSULATE HILL AND HARBOUR, CHEMULPO.



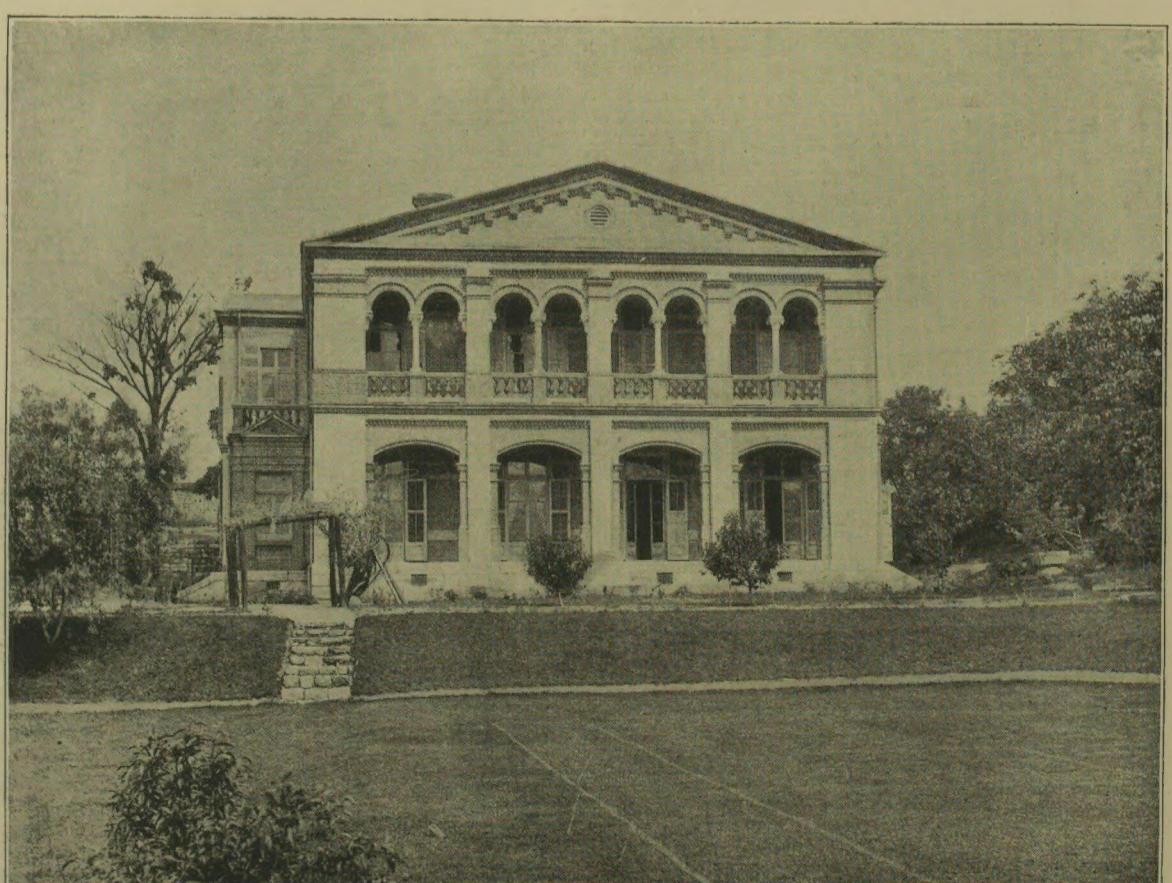
PALACE GROUNDS AT SEOUL: KING'S AUDIENCE-HALL IN THE BACKGROUND.



A COREAN GENERAL.



THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF COREA.



THE BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL, SEOUL.



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMD-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

It was nearly Easter. Katherine had been married more than a year. The buds were on the trees again, there was blue in the sky, and the sun was shining. The streets were full of flower-sellers. People loitered as they walked, looking in at the shops—or stayed in the park to watch the carriages driving quickly along—the faces in them looked as though they had been told a secret that was pleasant.

"I know what it is," Katherine said to herself, "they may look old, but they feel young. Spring has touched their hearts, the sunshine is in their eyes, and they see how lovely it is. I wish Edward—" But as she thought of him there came back the memory of his jibes and his mocking tone, his visible intolerance of her presence. "I wish I could disappear out of his life. I am like a prisoner at the end of a chain that lets me go out a little way, just so far, and never any farther." She stopped, as she went along Oxford Street, at a flower-stall. There were bunches of daffodils, round balls of them, each with a few green blades in the centre.

"Twopence a bunch, Miss," the man said. She had a shilling of her own, and walked back to Montague Place with her arms full of flowers. People looked at her as she passed them by. Her dark hair was coiled up into a knot, her grey-blue eyes looked fearlessly ahead, as if into the future. She had the expression of a woman who is waiting and knows that she has far to go before she reaches her goal. But her face had grown more content. The beauty of the world appealed to her so strongly that her own life seemed too trivial a thing to consider over much. Besides, she felt that even that trivial thing, her own life, belonged to the world far more than to Mr. Belcher. "I shall live in the world all my days, whether I am with him or not, and be buried in it when I die," she thought. He did not want her, though between them there was the terrible fetter of marriage—that she hated and at which he chafed, but that neither of them could break. "For only death or sin could undo marriage, no matter how blindly it was entered upon or how miserable it proved," she thought hopelessly.

"A handsome girl," a man said to his wife as they passed her.

"Beautiful," answered the woman.

Katherine heard them; a smile came to her lips and looked out of her eyes. "I wonder if it is true," she said to herself: "to be beautiful in a beautiful world sounds wonderful," and she went on her way. "I wish some giant would arrive," she thought, "and sweep all these houses into the sea, and we could devise some way of living without them, under trees or in tents. If we could wander away to the far ends of the world just as we liked, how much better it would be. Then Edward would not sit in an office all day and listen to quarrels and grievances, and he would think some good of human nature, just as Mrs. Osweill does, and he wouldn't care for money—he would be altogether different. Perhaps his office is very ugly, and the people who go to him are mean and ugly too: trying to get money may have made them so, and they reflect themselves in him. He may have been quite different when he started in life"—she was turning the key in the door of Montague Place, and entered with her daffodils. "If he would only be different again! I shouldn't fall in love with him as Mrs. Osweill said, but I should like to admire him and to think how good he was and that it was all my fault if we were not happy together."

He was going to dine at home that evening, so she arranged some daffodils for the table, wondering if they would please him; but it was a forlorn hope, she had made the place pretty with flowers before, and looked her best at dinner, and tried

all the artifices that youth and prettiness know—only to find them useless. He had seen through them, and showed her that he did, and gone out. It was four o'clock when the flowers were done: two or three hours yet before he came home. An idea crossed her mind and took possession of her. "I'll go and see Uncle Robert," she said; "it's just possible I may find him in, and it is a long time since I saw him." As if she had been touched by a finger of fate, she turned and went out of the house. She had only been to see him once or twice before since he had come to town, she never understood what hurried her to him now. The Frenchwoman opened the door and looked radiant.

"Oh, this is good!" she cried, "I am glad that you have come; there is great news. Go upstairs, Madame, and let Monsieur your uncle tell you himself."

The sitting-room was in a state of chaos, Mr. Morris was packing some papers into a box; he looked at her with a moment's silent bewilderment before he spoke.

"Katherine"—his voice was eager and hurried—"I did not expect you. Why have you come? I have not told Belcher yet."

"What has happened, Uncle Robert?" she asked. "Are you going away?" He looked at her under his eyebrows while he answered in the old hard manner that he only seemed to maintain with a struggle.

"I had a letter to-day by the Australian mail. Richard—my son, has left a wife and two boys. I go to Liverpool to-morrow and sail for Melbourne on Wednesday."

"I am glad. Oh! dear Uncle Robert, I'm very glad."

"Belcher won't be," he said shortly; "he'll think that I shall not leave you so much money."

"What does it matter? People seem to buy wickedness and misery with money. Perhaps these children will make you happy."

"But what will your husband say?" She stopped and considered: a shudder passed through her.

"I don't know," she answered, and quailed a little.

"I did not know he was so hard, Katherine, or I would not have let you marry him. I thought I was doing the best I could for you. A woman is better married, and there was no one else." It was the only apology he could bring himself to make, and he made it grudgingly.

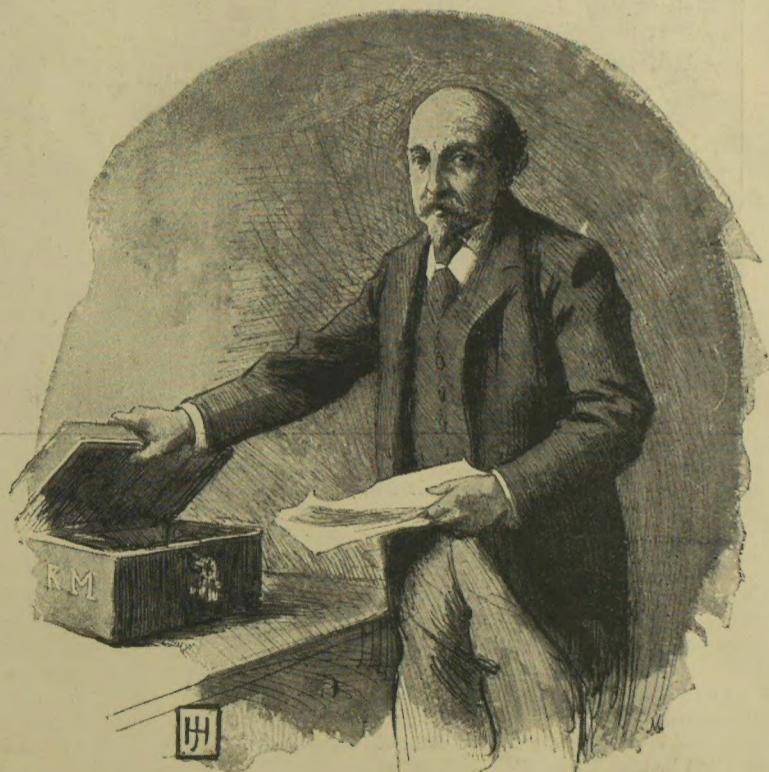
"Perhaps he doesn't mean—" she began.

"I'm glad you have come," Mr. Morris went on, not heeding her, "for I wanted to give you this; I wrote it out, and have been wondering how to get it to you without his knowledge. It is a cheque for two hundred pounds. If I should not return and he treats you badly it will help you to do something or bring you out to Australia. Perhaps you had better cash it to-morrow, it is not crossed, go to the bank, get notes and keep them by you."

"Oh, Uncle Robert, could you not take me with you? He does not want me, indeed—"

"Nonsense! A woman's place is with her husband," he

said, with his old curtness, and she knew there was no appeal. "I must have a talk with Belcher; there is a great deal to say to him before I go. I'll come and dine with you to-night. You had better go back now. Tell him I shall be there by half-past seven—and, Katherine, get that cheque cashed to-morrow, but don't spend the money unless you're obliged. Stay! Can you take this telegram for me; I must tell them to keep a room for me to-morrow night at the hotel at Liverpool, or I may find myself stranded; I sail on Wednesday morning. Now good-bye." He looked at her for a moment and the expression of his face softened. "You have grown into a handsome girl," he said; "the Frenchwoman downstairs talks a good deal of nonsense about you, but I believe she's right." He put his hands upon her shoulder and kissed her forehead. That was his farewell, for though he came to dinner that night, she did not see him alone again. She asked



Mr. Morris was packing some papers into a box; he looked at her with a moment's silent bewilderment before he spoke.

if she might see him off from Euston, but he refused, though he seemed pleased at the request.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Belcher hardly spoke to Katherine that evening while her uncle was there, and the next morning he seemed too much engrossed with his own thoughts even to be aware of her presence; but he looked back with an expression that frightened her as he left the house. It was the day Mr. Morris left London: she knew that he had some business with her husband in the middle of the day, and that was all.

The storm burst at dinner. He hardly spoke till the cloth was cleared and Harriet had left the room.

"Your uncle is probably in Liverpool by this time," he said.

"I know," she said, feeling that there was more to come. "And has left me saddled with you for the rest of my days."

"I am sorry; but it is not my fault," she said, and stood facing him on the hearthrug.

"If you had been a clever woman you would have managed him. You haven't a spark of cleverness in you. The result is that he has made a totally inadequate provision for you, and if this woman and her brats get over him, he'll probably make it worse still. I suppose he calls that behaving like an honest man. I don't. An old fool—he was always an old fool."

"Please don't say that to me," she said gently. "I am sorry he has gone, and I hope he will find his grandchildren. They will make him happier."

"Bosh! I hate sentiment. I wonder if you know how tired I am of seeing you, Katherine. I only married you because Morris wanted to get rid of you."

"He didn't," she flashed. He looked at her for a moment and tried to cow her with a still more bullying manner.

"He wanted to get rid of you, and there was no other way of doing it. He was tired of you, as I am."

"You can write him anything you please. He has gone to the devil, and I wish you would go after him. I saw Williams the doctor, this afternoon, and he said that the chances are nineteen to twenty against his returning alive, and he did his worst, as far as you are concerned, before he started to-day."

She turned to leave the room without another word.

"This has been a nice little scene," he said.

"Oh!" she said, and burst into tears, "will nothing set us free? I never wanted to marry you, and you have never cared for me; it is frightful to think that we are condemned to be together all our lives. Couldn't we part—or at least try to be a little better towards each other?" She unconsciously held out her hand as if in pacification. With uncontrollable rage he struck it away.

"Get out!" he said, opening the door, "I am sick and tired of the sight of you, and have no patience with tears." She looked at her hand unbelievingly and at him, then walked slowly away. He heard her going upstairs. He stood still for a moment. "I wonder why I hate her so much. Some men would like her—she is growing handsome. I believe I hate her because she doesn't fight me. I like a spice of the devil in a woman."

"In a temper?"

"No," she answered calmly. "Perhaps we'd better have breakfast." She poured out his coffee and put it beside him, with his paper. There were some minutes of silence, then he looked up.

"I think we arrived at a full understanding last night," he said; "if you had been a clever woman you would have wheedled your uncle out of some money."

"I did not want it."

"There'll be next to nothing now when he dies; that is, if he gets out there safely, and finds these brats. I should not wonder if he makes a new will and does away with the little he has left you. He'll probably stay out there. He has resigned his directorship and everything else. Meanwhile, I'm saddled with a log in the shape of a woman all my life. I thought he was going to leave you twenty-five thousand pounds, Katherine." She got up and poked the fire.

"I'm glad you are not going to get it."

"Glad, are you?" he exclaimed, starting up and staring at her face.

"Yes, glad!" she cried. "You have made me miserable. I'm glad you are not going to get his money."



"I hate you," she cried, "more than anything in the world. You married me for money, and I'm glad you have not got it. I hope you will never get any, and I shall write and tell Uncle Robert so."

"Why did you marry me? You knew that I did not want you, and you were not obliged to do it, and you didn't do it because you liked me, but only because you thought you would get money by it. Oh! I hate money: I hate nothing in the world so much as money. But now that is done," she went on quickly, with a tremble in her voice, "what is the good of making me miserable? I have done nothing that I knew would vex you since I've come into the house. Why can't you be kind to me?"

"I don't want to be kind to you. I know that you dislike me, and I dislike you, wandering up and down the house with your soft footsteps like a cat. You are just like a cat!"

"Why do you say such cruel things to me? I have done nothing to make you hate me so much. Is it because you like anybody else?" she asked, remembering Mrs. Osweill's unwise remark.

"Yes, I like someone else," he answered triumphantly, "and always have. Somebody who has plenty to say, and is quick and merry and doesn't bore one as you do."

"Why didn't you marry her?" she asked scornfully.

She was married, and found her husband as great a clog as I find a wife; but now he's dead—he died six months ago—and she is free, and I always hated girls: they are so stupid."

"And I hate you," she cried, "more than anything in the world. You married me for money, and I'm glad you have not got it. I hope you will never get any, and I shall write and tell Uncle Robert so."

Katherine went into the little room she called her own. It was still gay with daffodils. She threw herself down on the sofa. A corner of something sharp made itself felt against her chest, she put up her hand to it and remembered. It was the bank-notes into which she had changed her uncle's cheque.

She came down early the following morning, for sleep was impossible. The bitterness and insult of the quarrel last night had staggered her; she shivered as she entered the dining-room. There were two letters by her plate on the breakfast table, the top one was addressed in Susan's handwriting, the other she did not know. She slipped them quickly into her pocket, for she knew that Mr. Belcher would jeer at them even if he did not read them. She heard him coming and put her hand to her throat for a moment to steady herself.

"Good morning," he said in the mocking voice that always made her writhe, "slept well?" She looked back at him with the clear unflinching expression that provoked his admiration.

"Yes, I slept well," she said. "It was happiness to sleep, for I forgot everything." Her manner was distant, but so oddly courteous that for a moment he was puzzled; she stood looking at him, tall and scornful, yet polite, older by five years than when he had married her, though it was only fifteen months ago.

"You fool!" he exclaimed, and raised his hand and struck her again, just as when she was a child, and before he had grown more gentle, her Uncle Robert used to strike her. She turned and looked at him with a face so white and terrible that he was frightened. She put her hand upon the bell, he seized it and pulled it away. "Go and sit down," he said, and almost pushed her back into her place. "Will you never understand that I was hoodwinked into marrying you—a schoolgirl I don't care twopenny about—thinking you would have what you never will have? I've not wanted to be unkind to you," he said half apologetically, "but it makes me so impatient to think that I am tied to a dummy, a fool, a log—a millstone; and marriage is so interminable." She got up again and stood on the same spot where he had struck her.

"I don't want it to go on," she said. "You made me marry you. I was a baby, and did not dare oppose you and Uncle Robert. But it is not marriage," she said with sudden bitterness; "it's not like the Osweills' marriage or the marriage of the men and women I see walking about. You have never been kind to me, and you have given me no sympathy or companionship since the day we started from Shooter's Hill together."

"I've given it elsewhere."

"You have only insulted me and made me miserable," she went on calmly, not noticing his remark. "Why must we go on living together? I know you hate me as I do you; my one desire is to go out of your sight for ever. Let me go!"

"You can go to the devil, if you like," he said; and he thought, "She's uncommonly good-looking, and I had no idea that there was so much spirit in her. Perhaps, after all, she's only artful and not such a fool as I took her to be."

"Let me go," she repeated, "and live with Susan in Somersetshire, or in one of the little cottages beyond the churchyard at Eltham." And she thought of the palace and the crane.

"Who's to pay for the separate establishment, I should like to know? It might, of course, be amusing to go and see you in a cottage," he sneered; "it would make you seem less like a wife—a wife is such a bore. I could run down and dine with you sometimes. I never understood why people should be forced to live together all their days and every day just because they're married. If you lived in the next street we should not hate each other so much."

"If you would only let me go," she went on, not heeding his remark. "I could live on very little money."

"I don't choose you to go away. Your precious uncle would certainly do nothing for you then."

Gibson opened the door and looked in.

"Your portmanteau is ready, Sir."

"Send for a hansom." Then he spoke to Katherine again. "I am going out of town for a few days. This is Wednesday—the day your precious uncle goes on board at Liverpool. I shall be away over Easter. If you hadn't been a fool I might have taken you with me; as it is I shall get pleasure out of company. When I return we'll continue our amiable relations. I'll put two pounds on the mantelpiece in case you want any money while I'm away; you can keep an account of it." He opened the door. "Is the hansom there?" he called.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good-bye," he said turning back to Katherine, "perhaps as we are going to be separated for a whole week we'd better kiss each other."

"If you dare," she said scornfully, her eyes flashing with anger. "I hate you—I hate you—I hate you! I would rather be bitten by a tiger or stung—anything in the world rather than let you touch me. Go away, go away!" He stood and looked at her for a moment with amazement. Gibson came to the door.

"Your bag's on the top, Sir," she said.

He looked at Katherine again and laughed.

"You did that very well," he said, and went out of the house followed by Gibson. "If she were always like that," he thought as he drove off, "she'd be something like. I begin to think she's rather amusing after all."

The hansom drove away. Gibson came up the steps, and closed the dining-room door as she passed. Then Katherine walked up and down trying to get calm. "I can't bear it," she cried to herself, "I can't go on bearing it. I would rather die than live like this. Uncle Robert sails to-day"—she stopped and considered. "But there would be no time to overtake him at Liverpool, he may have started already. I'll telegraph to him," and she went to the writing-table by the window; "but no, it would be no good. Oh!" and with a sense of insult that was not to be borne, she put her hands against the side of her face that he had struck. "I cannot—cannot live and see him again, I must go away somewhere. Uncle Robert gave me the money—he surely gave it me for this. I'll follow him out"—but as she said it a feeling of despair came over her, and she shook her head. "He wouldn't understand," she said; "he used—he used"—she hesitated, for she could not bear to remember unkindness after so many years, "he used to strike me too, when I was little. He thinks about women as Edward does, that they should have no feelings but submission towards men and take even blows with meekness." It was the old idea, she thought. But men were not like it in these days, or only the few, and they the second-rate men, who were afraid of being found out if they did not protect themselves with tyranny. The best men of any class were different. She knew that it was so. She had seen Mr. and Mrs. Osweill and all the people who walked together in the streets of London. Little Harriet downstairs was miserable for months after her father died, and her mother had nearly died too, of a broken heart. No one would die of a broken heart for Mr. Belcher. "Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" she cried, and hid her face in her hands. "I will go away—right away—and never let him see me again. I will go to Susan and live with her. Then she remembered that there was a letter from Susan in her pocket, as well as another in a strange hand—the letters she had found on the table when she came down. Susan's was merely to wish her a happy Easter, and to say that she had not been well lately, and had a niece coming to stay with her. Katherine read it first from a sense of loyalty, but she was curious about the strange one: it made a break in the misery of that terrible morning. It proved to be from a firm of solicitors in Chancery Lane and enclosed a cheque for ninety pounds, a legacy less duty, bequeathed her by Mrs. Barrett, who had died three months before. She looked up with amazement, a little dulled by the excitement she had been going through. Ninety pounds, and no one knew she had it, besides the two hundred her uncle had given her on Monday! It was a fortune to Katherine, for she was wholly unused to deal with money, and knew but little of its value. It was surely a chance sent from Heaven? If only Mrs. Osweill were in town she would have gone to consult her; as it was she sat still with clasped hands looking at the cheque. It was crossed and payable to order. "I will go to the bank and cash it, and then I'll go to Bridgwater to Susan and have one happy peaceful week before he comes back, and then—he shall come and fetch me if he wants me. Poor Susan! if she is ill I can nurse her," she thought, longing to be tender to somebody. "She will be glad when she sees me. I cannot stay. I must go—I must; and it is best for both of us. I cannot, cannot stay!" she kept on repeating to herself as she went slowly upstairs and, like a woman in a dream, gathered together most of her belongings. "I had better take them,

I shall never come back unless he makes me," she thought; "perhaps Susan will like them when I am dead." She pulled her trunk, the one she had taken to Windermere, out from the corner. The lock was broken; it did not matter; there was a little strap on either side that would be fastening enough. She began putting in one thing after another till it was full, hardly knowing what she did, only eager to get away from the house, away from Mr. Belcher for ever and ever. She took Uncle Robert's money out of the little desk in which she had hidden it last night, and put it in her bosom, and then she looked at the cheque for Mrs. Barrett's legacy. "I wonder if she knows about me now," she said to herself, "or if the dead know nothing, but lie in their graves straight and still for ever." She went to the glass to put on her hat and stared at her own face. It was like a stranger's. Then she wandered aimlessly round the room as if trying to remember something. "No, no; that is all." She sighed and rang the bell.

"Harriet," she said, "send for a cab and have this box put on it. I am going to Bridgwater."

Gibson came up quickly.

"Did the master know you were going, Ma'am?" she asked sharply; "and when are you coming back?"

"That does not concern you, Gibson," Katherine answered quietly; "Mr. Belcher will be here on Wednesday: you had better be ready for him." The box was put on the cab and she drove away. The two servants looked at each other.

"He's kept too tight a hand," Gibson said to herself, "just as his father did before him. It's my belief she's gone away to cry her life out with that old woman at Bridgwater."

"If I was in her place," thought Harriet, "I wouldn't come back till I couldn't help myself. He doesn't care a bit about her. Lor! she should have seen father and mother and what they was to each other."

(To be continued.)

BUST OF THE REV. H. F. CARY.

We give a representation of the bust of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the translator of Dante, executed by Croby, which has recently been presented to the British Museum by his granddaughter, Mrs. Norman, and is placed in the



BUST OF CARY, THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

library. Mr. Cary's distinction as the author of the standard English translation of Dante needs no enforcement. His special connection with the library of the British Museum arises from his having filled the office of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books from 1826 to 1838. In this capacity he had apartments in Montague House, where Charles Lamb's visits to him were frequent. The bust is of excellent execution, and is considered a very satisfactory likeness.

The Earl of Dudley, High Steward of the borough of Kidderminster, has presented to the Mayor and Corporation a magnificent "loving cup," to be used instead of their old one, which has been found to have been originally a Church sacramental cup.

Warwick Grammar School, at its annual prize distribution on July 26, was invited by its head master to rejoice in a recent antiquarian discovery at the Record Office—that of the Charter granted by Henry I. to the school of the Collegiate Church at Warwick, referring to earlier Charters so far back as Edward the Confessor; it may probably be the oldest Crown school in England.

The Directors of "Olympia," at West Kensington, on July 26 gave a dinner to a hundred and sixty soldiers of the Guards who served nearly forty years ago in the Crimea. Lieut.-Colonel Sir John D. Astley presided, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was present. These veterans were entertained also by Colonel Fludyer, of the Scots Guards, at Chelsea Barracks.

SOME AUGUST MAGAZINES.

Mr. Balfour has lately exulted over the down-trodden Southron doomed to see his native land Scotchised by golf. I remember the wrath which kindled many Saxon pens when Mr. Gladstone avowed himself "a pure Scotchman," and I expected that Mr. Balfour's aggressive skirl of the bagpipes would cause a similar ferment. But the only man who has made a stand against this flaunt of Scotch superiority, and who has, so to speak, avenged Bannockburn, is "Fry of Wadham." This famous athlete is asked by Mr. Max Beerbohm in the *English Illustrated* what he thinks of golf, and he says it is no better than "glorified croquet." I can hear a cry of national acclaim from a multitude of Saxon throats. Any comparison of golf with cricket or football is to "Fry of Wadham" too monstrous to be thought of. Even Professor Blackie will not grudge the Southron a little complacent effervescence over this athletic disdain of young Oxford for the rather overweening conceit of the golfer. The Professor tells an interviewer in the *English Illustrated* that there are some smart young men in London who lose no opportunity of showing their dislike for everything Scotch. I did not know that such audacious spirits ventured to exist in these days of English scribblers to Scotch ascendancy. But I am acquainted with one humble scribe to whom anything that falls from Professor Blackie's lips is like an invigorating whiff from a Scotch moor—without the trouble of getting there. As for Mr. Max Beerbohm, I am reminded that in the new *Yellow Book* he is indignant with the "pressmen" who failed to appreciate his article in the first number of that periodical. Of this momentous quarrel I have no opinion, but Mr. Beerbohm's portraiture of young Oxford is excellent in every way, and convinces me that Mr. Fry will be as successful in the career of schoolmaster as he has been in maintaining the muscular tradition of his University. In this number of the *English Illustrated* Mr. Wembley's account of "Cabby" in "How the Other Half Lives" is the best of the series. There is a clever story by Miss Savile-Clarke, and Mr. Pemberton's jewel-dealer continues to excite my wonder, not only by the variety of his adventures, but even more by his social importance. He is always on intimate terms with the old nobility, and I expect to hear next that he is consulted by despondent dukes as to the best way of checkmating the death duties.

But the gem of the month's magazines is the second instalment of Mr. James Payn's recollections in the *Cornhill*. For richness of entertainment in humour, fancy, and anecdote, I have not read five-and-twenty pages like it for many a day. From the parish clerk who in repeating the Creed always announced that "He dissented into hell," to the aspiring contributor who affirmed that he "loved to wander in the clime sublime," and that his "originality was full of, and bathed in, beauty of thought-expression," Mr. Payn has an inexhaustible gallery of diverting portraits. He has also a good deal of shrewd advice for the literary novice, who, however, may be a little scared by the remembrance that it was Mr. Payn who once advised fathers to bring up their boys as writers. In *Harper's* Mr. G. W. Smalley begins his recollections as a journalist with some curious episodes of the American Civil War and with a narrative of the initiation of war correspondence in its modern development. It has always been understood in England that the credit of this belongs to the *Daily News*, but Mr. Smalley claims it for the *New York Tribune*, and he tells a very interesting story of the incredulity with which his plan for joint operations by the two journals was at first received in the *Daily News* office in 1870. I see that Mr. Smalley's statements are to some extent disputed; but if it cannot be denied that the first account of a battle ever telegraphed from the field was written by Mr. Holt White, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, and printed in the *Daily News*, together with a leading article dwelling on the significance of this revolution in journalism, Mr. Smalley must be held to have substantially made out his case. Mr. Du Maurier brings "Trilby" to a close in *Harper's*. It is an unequal story, modelled on an old-fashioned and rather happy-go-lucky plan, but it has much humour and charm, some brilliant sketches of character, and a few dramatic passages which touch a very high level indeed. It may be doubted whether a woman endowed with a fine voice, but with no musical capacity whatever—Trilby did not know one note from another—could be made by sheer hypnotism the most superb singer the world ever heard; but for the purposes of romance Mr. Du Maurier has handled this theme with great success.

In the *Century* Mr. Marion Crawford has a rather overcharged description of Washington, including a rhapsody about the gigantic monument which he supposes to contribute to the beauty of that city. There is a remarkable account of Dr. Morton, who in 1846, before Sir James Simpson's discovery of chloroform, made the first successful use of ether as an anaesthetic in surgical operations. To the priority of this conquest of pain Simpson himself bore emphatic witness, and yet Morton reaped no harvest in his own country save "misery and misfortune." The *Century* has some very powerful fiction, notably "A Cumberland Vendetta" and "Maverick," and one of the most touching of Mr. Whitecomb Riley's dialect poems. Evidently the American reader does not need that sedative which, according to the *Spectator*, is supplied by our circulating library twaddle to intelligent minds. If anybody is still devoured by curiosity about the arguments for and against woman's suffrage, he will find them concisely stated by Senator Hoar and Dr. Buckley. In the *New Review* Mr. Hall Caine maintains with much vigour and freshness that Shakspere was an even greater novelist than dramatist. This theory seems to rest on some dubious assumptions—that psychology is never drama, for instance, and that when Macbeth soliloquises about the dagger, the interest of the play is suspended, and he becomes the character in fiction. I should describe this scene, on the contrary, as intensely dramatic, because the fantasy of Macbeth's imagination accumulates the horror of the crime. However, I am drawn to a most serious speculation by this passage in a story in *Longman's*: "Please, Sir, what is a lady journalist?" "A person who, judging by one specimen that has come under my notice lately, seems to have a fine facility for falsehood." Dear, dear, L. F. AUSTIN.

THE CHINESE AND JAPANESE NAVIES.

The apprehension of hostilities between the two considerable Powers of Eastern Asia, the Empires of China and Japan, with reference to their rival pretensions of ascendancy, or "spheres of influence," in the peninsula of Corea, which is situated between the coasts of those two empires respectively, though hitherto regarded as an independent kingdom, renders their naval forces an important topic of comparative examination. We have already the news of a conflict, on July 27, in which the Chinese ironclads *Chen-Yuen* and *Ko-tse*, with a despatch-vessel, convoying seven transports, were defeated and dispersed by three Japanese war-ships. The Chinese Navy is divided into five provincial fleets, stationed at Canton, Foo-chow, Shanghai, the Peiho, or river port of Pekin, and the north coast. It comprises the great armoured battle-ships *Chen-Yuen* and *Ting-Yuen*, each of 7430 tons, built of steel, with engines of 6200-horse power, and twin screw-propellers, protected by 14 in. armour-belts and 12 in.



THE CHINESE GUN-BOAT "ALPHA."

armoured cruiser, was built in Milford Haven in 1878; and the *Kon-Go*, a sister ship, at Hull in 1877. The two last-named ships have no armoured belt. Far superior are the Japanese cruisers, which are the *Chiyoda*, of 2450 tons, having a speed of nineteen knots, and armed with quick-firing guns; the *Naniwa Kan*, and the *Takachiho*, of 3750 tons, with two guns of 10 in. calibre and six smaller guns; then five very powerful ships, the *Akitsushima*, the *Hasidate*, the *Itsukushima*, the *Matsushima*, and the *Yoshino Kan*. All these are vessels exceeding 4000 tons' displacement, built of steel, possessing high speed, and carrying, on barbettes forward, protected by twelve-inch steel armour, a gun of 32-centimètres or nearly 12½ inch calibre, with a dozen quick-firing guns; but the *Yoshino Kan* is especially remarkable for her extraordinary speed, which exceeds twenty-three knots an hour, with engines of 15,000-horse power. This ship, which was built at Elswick-upon-Tyne, as well as the *Naniwa Kan* and the *Takachiho*, by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and



THE JAPANESE WAR-SHIP "NANIWA KAN."

armour for the turrets, each ship carrying four Krupp guns of 30½ centimètres calibre, with two guns of half that size; also, the *Ping-Yuen*, the *King-Yuen*, and the *Lui-Yuen*, which are steel-built ships of 2850 tons, with 9 in. plating, armed with ten-ton Krupp guns and two having a speed of sixteen knots. The list of unarmoured cruisers and of gun-vessels and gun-boats is rather formidable, besides floating batteries in the rivers and a torpedo flotilla. The effective Japanese Navy comprises four ironclads, eight protected cruisers, several unprotected cruisers and despatch vessels, which have only secondary value as war-ships, and forty torpedo-boats. The ironclads are the *Fu-So*, of 3780 tons, with a speed of thirteen knots, carrying four guns of 9½ in. calibre and two lesser guns; the *Rio-Jo*, the *Hi-Yei*, and the *Kong-Go*. The *Fu-So*, which is an iron central-battery ship, was built at Poplar in 1877; the *Rio-Jo*, also built in England, is an old composite broadside vessel, and dates from 1861; the *Hi-Yei*, a composite



THE CHINESE GUN-BOAT "DELTA."

Co. (Limited), is one of the most powerful cruisers afloat. She is constructed of steel, 350 ft. long, 46½ ft. broad, with a double bottom throughout, drawing 17 ft., and is propelled by twin screws; her coal capacity is one thousand tons. Her armament consists of four six-inch guns firing 100-lb. projectiles, and so placed that three guns at once can fire right ahead; eight guns of 4·7 in. calibre, two of which can, with one larger gun, fire right astern; twenty-two three-pounders, mostly in the tops and on the bulwarks; and five torpedo-tubes. The cruisers above named have protective steel decks, not less than two inches thick. The Japanese navy has a good number of other cruisers, besides gun-boats and torpedo-boats, which the officers and crews handle very skilfully. With reference to the Chinese gun-boats, named from letters of the Greek alphabet, one or two of which, the *Alpha* and *Delta*, may be taken as examples, these also were constructed at Elswick by the Armstrong Company, besides several of the Chinese cruisers.



LITERATURE.

KATHARINE LAUDERDALE.

Katharine Lauderdale. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—There are books which the laziest reviewer reads conscientiously and without a grumble. The novels of Mr. Marion Crawford nearly always find a place in this nice category, which ought to be a much bigger one than it is. "Katharine Lauderdale" falls into it very easily: a good book to read, and good to think about. It is a love-story, of course; but there are other things in it quite as serious as love, and quite as interesting. The scene is laid in New York, and one notes with satisfaction that Mr. Crawford writes just as convincingly and just as shrewdly and charmingly about society in New York as he does about society in Rome. The society here is of the best, and different in many odd and bright little ways from high society, or any kind of society, in London. The points of difference will strike the reader, who will probably conclude that the young people of well-to-do families have a gayer and freer time of it in New York than in any other city in creation. The setting of the story is bright, but the motive and the real interest are sober in the extreme. It is a history of five days, and no more. Katharine Lauderdale insists upon being married in secret to her cousin Jack Ralston. They are married, and their trouble begins. The blame of it belongs to both of them, for they are a very superior pair, with a standard of morals and a stiff code of honour; and when one of them has come to know a weakness of the other, any sort of compromise between them is difficult. The weakness is Jack's, and it is an inherited tendency to alcohol. He is not a drunkard, but he is in the way to become one; and he makes a clean breast of it to Katharine the night before they are to celebrate that secret marriage which he himself—loving her passionately—does not quite approve of. Katharine is delicate enough to be grievously shocked, and conventional enough to be slightly offended. But they are married. On their wedding-day, Jack is the innocent victim of a series of accidents, the last of which lands him in the hands of the police, seemingly tipsy, but perfectly sober. There are paragraphs in the papers the next morning, and Katharine feels herself outraged. An explanation is contrived at a dinner-party, and there the story ends. Mr. Crawford promises a sequel, and not only is a sequel wanted—since the story is not closed up—but it will be awaited with interest. For I have outlined only in the thinnest possible fashion an admirable novel, in which Mr. Crawford has handled with art a theme which has sent to the ground a score of incompetent "realists." Jack Ralston's tussle with his drink-devil is amazingly well done, but there is nothing in the picture that corresponds to the usual idea of the drunkard of fiction. Yet nothing is omitted, and the novelist has not shirked his task. As for the general scene, many readers will gather from it their knowledge of upper-class life in America; and on this Mr. Crawford is an abundant and apparently a very accurate informant.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

A LITERARY MULTUM IN PARVO.

Shylock and Others. By G. H. Radford. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—This little volume is its author's earliest and modest appearance in the book world, but it is not his first contribution to literature. He contributed anonymously to his friend Mr. Birrell's delightful "Obiter Dicta" a half-conjectured biography of Sir John Falstaff, full of delicate humour and worthy of the companionship in which it found itself. The same humour pervades the very varied contents of Mr. Radford's little book, ranging from an essay on Shylock to one on the Politics of Socrates, but for the most part in conjunction with a display of considerable acumen and thoughtfulness and of the results of much curious reading. The opening essay on Shylock contains, with some subtle character-criticism, interesting references to the Jews in England, and especially to the Italian novel which was not translated into English when Shakspere borrowed largely from it—another indication that he was not the ignorant and illiterate person he is represented to be by some American writers. Even Shaksperean experts may learn something from Mr. Radford's searching essay on "The Sources of Hamlet," and one of the most amusing passages in a volume which is never dull is that in the essay on "The Madness of Hamlet," giving a detailed report of the imaginary trial of the princely Dane for the murder of Polonius, the prisoner's counsel pleading in defence of his client's insanity. In the chapter on "Robin Hood," Mr. Radford disputes the truth of the late Lord Sherbrooke's dictum that "the Robin Hood ballads are, perhaps, the most worthless mass of literature in the world," and educes from them a lively account of the popular outlaw's career and an estimate of his character as being historically significant, since "if you know a people's hero you know something important about them." Next, and with a sympathetic care befitting a narrator who is a prominent member of the Johnson Club, is told the story of the composition and representation of Johnson's "Irene." In his paper on "Pantisocracy," Mr. Radford has diligently collected and genially reproduced, with a fullness nowhere else to be found, the details of the rise, decline, and fall of the young Coleridge's and Southey's famous scheme. In the chapter on "King Arthur" is given a very entertaining contrast between Tennyson's "Blameless King" and the chivalrous but far from ethically immaculate Arthur. Of Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," which is in some sort the source of the late Laureate's noble "Idylls of the Kings," Mr. Radford's varied volume, at once playful, instructive, and suggestive, calls to mind the saying of the theatre-manager in the Prologue to "Faust," "He who brings much brings something to everyone." F. ESPINASSE.

HOMEWARD SONGS BY THE WAY.

Homeward Songs by the Way. A. E. (Dublin: Whaley, 46, Lawson Chambers.)—This tiny volume of fifty pages, printed at the Chiswick Press, but issued in Dublin, contains a gift of authentic poetry. The anonymous writer may never achieve anything of passionate force or mass for the interpretation of our manifold human life; he shows no dramatic gift—no power of transferring himself into the movement of other spirits than his own. But in the best of these short lyrics a soul speaks, and through the imagination, to a soul. They are genuine utterances of an inner life, which through visible beauty seeks for something invisible, and through personal emotion tends towards something impersonal. Spiritual nostalgia may not be healthy as an abiding temper; but it is a part of human existence, as all religious poetry, and, indeed, a great portion of art that is not called religious, testifies; and when it is allied with imagination and a feeling for beauty, it does not tend to asceticism. It seeks for a secret, but through the shows of the world; it desires solitude, but only that the soul may live with greater intensity and more of singleness. The mysticism—if one must use this abused word—of "A. E." has something in common with that of Emerson, but it is not balanced by the shrewdness and intellectual vigour which gave a special character to Emerson's mystical temper. On the other hand, he has a happier gift for moulding verse than Emerson had, and he knows better how to stop at the right moment. The least satisfactory page of the book is "A. E.'s" preface, which consists of six lines, and which is precisely six lines too long. One comes upon Brahma occasionally, and the great word "Om," and is uneasy lest a Western mystic should desert his soul to lose himself in the cheap Theosophy—now vulgarised to hocus-pocus—of the East. But the bad moment passes, and when the writer dismisses Brahma and invites his own soul we are reassured. From half-a-dozen lyrics of fine quality it is hard to choose one as an example. Here is a stanza from "On a Hill-top," a stanza made to be illustrated by William Blake—

Silent the sheep about me; fleece by fleece
They sleep and stir not: I with awe around
Wander uncertain o'er the giant mound,
A fire that moves between their peace and peace.

And this, from "The Hermit," would have stood well among the "Songs of Experience"—

Now the silver light of dawn
Slipping through the leaves that sleek
My one window, hurries on,
Throws its arms around my neck.

Darkness to my doorway lies,
Lays her chin upon the roof,
And her burning seraph eyes
Now no longer keep aloof.

And the ancient mystery
Holds its hands out day by day,
Takes a chair and croons with me
By my cabin built of clay.

These are fragments, but one short poem may be given in full. It is entitled "The Place of Rest"—

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;
It folds itsclf around with peace,
Where thoughts alike of good or ill
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
For comfort for its hopes and fears:
The Mighty Mother bows at last;
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
The fire of beauty strikes through pain:
A glory moves amid despair,
The Mother takes her child again.

One who can write thus is surely a poet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

SOME IRISH LYRICS.

In *The Land of Heart's Desire* (Fisher Unwin) Mr. Yeats has repeated the proof he gave in "Countess Kathleen" of his discovery of a field of literature perfectly adapted to his rare powers, and in which he is likely to remain without a competitor. Mr. Yeats's lyrics, though some of them are very beautiful, have always seemed to us indicative of a greater store of poetical power than the conditions of lyric form allowed him to display. Though neither diffuse nor confused, his thoughts do not readily conform to a mould, but crave ample room and verge; while at the same time he is deficient in the sustained and strenuous energy requisite for a long poem. The miniature drama lends itself most happily to his needs, allowing his teeming fancy sufficient scope on the one hand, and making no excessive demand upon the faculties of invention and construction on the other. Of the magic glamour of fanciful and pathetic beauty diffused over this piece, as over its predecessor, it were vain to speak: it depends upon no particular passages, but upon the general effect of the whole, and can only be realised by reading the entire work. The half-hour thus spent will prove one of as pure enchantment as though one had stepped into a fairy hill, as in the old Celtic legends, so dear to Mr. Yeats. Here, as there, however, the return to earthly life is mournful, and the accents of human grief are never long absent from the elfin world. Ireland is a land full of inarticulate poetry; here is the man who can give voice to it. Half-a-dozen more such pieces as "The Land of Heart's Desire" will fulfil his own heart's desire of abiding literary fame.

R. GARNETT.

PICTURES IN PROSE.

"The proper study of mankind is beast," probably is the reading adopted by Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye, F.L.S., F.Z.S., author of *Pictures in Prose* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.), though to reach it one must use the term in the wide sense adopted by the French for "bête," since the author discusses things both great and small, from the moose, eighteen hands high at the shoulder, to the caddis worm. In delightfully undidactic chapters he gives impressions of animal life and plant existence, taking the reader apparently haphazard to Sweden, to Canvey Island, Manitoba, Norfolk, and to nowhere in particular, and, wherever it may be, shows the love and knowledge of nature rather of an observant poet than of a mere scientist. In saying this we do not mean to disparage his claims to be called naturalist and botanist, though perhaps the "bug-hunter" of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who durst not claim the title of entomologist, would laugh at the idea of his possessing a competent knowledge of so many branches of science. The predominant tone, however, is purely poetical, and at times Mr. Battye breaks out into verse of no mean merit. His stanzas called "Vesper" and "King's Weir" really have a quality of freshness, truth, and occasional music that gives them a rare value. Curiously enough, the author, though beyond all dispute a nature-lover, has the killing instinct strongly in him. How it happens that one so nicely observant of fish and curiously interested in their ways should be anxious to drag them out of their homes with line and hook is a mystery—is one of the remarkable incongruities of character that differentiate man from beast and render him unknowable. However, there are three amusing fish stories in the book, and there is an exciting moose-hunt that ended, some will be glad to see, in the success of the moose. Perhaps if one had to choose among the "pictures," the chapter with the Leigh Huntian title, "Upon a Day," would prove the elect. The subject is nought, the charm great. It is simply the result of study of river life in the brief border-time between dawn and day. The naturalist, with his tent pitched on the banks of an English stream, notes the retirement of the "won't-go-home-till-morning" part of creation, such as the *Dyticus* (the great water-beetle that flies about all night and lies in a stagnant ditch all day) and the bats and owls, and he watches the early labours of the water-vole, the sand-martins, and the kingfishers. Without humanising them, without trite observation, he contrives to give individual life to each creature, and in the scribbler held in town creates a longing to go out into the country and lie with lazy body and active eyes studying the teeming life of the fields and rivers. The spirit of a Gilbert White or Richard Jefferies is in Mr. Battye, and yet his work is entirely original, for he observes first hand, and even his knowledge does not make him see with other people's eyes. Those without such rare gifts as his may well be content to let his eyes be theirs, and almost all people, even though they have no special bent to nature-lore, no knowledge of natural history, and no fierce killing instinct—or, rather, a deeply hidden one, since it is somewhere in all of us—must find "Pictures in Prose" interesting, charming, and even fascinating. The book has a considerable adventitious interest, because its author this winter is going all alone to explore Kolgovay Island, which is believed to be a sacred island of the Samoyed tribes, and hitherto untrodden by the foot of any European.

E. F. SPENCE.

WILLIAM AND JOHN HUNTER.

Two Great Scotsmen: the Brothers William and John Hunter. By George R. Mather, M.D., F.F.P.S.G. (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons, 1893.)—It is no exaggeration to say with Dr. Mather that John Hunter's name, albeit he was a Lanarkshire lad, is better known south of the Tweed than on the north of that famous stream. As regards William Hunter, benefactor as he was to his University, Glasgow knows him chiefly in connection with its own Hunterian Museum. But, perchance both men, living and working outside the currents of ordinary life, like so many other famous scientists, have left behind them little by way of keeping their memories green amid the roar and rush of ordinary public life. The Hunterian Oration in London, and the big museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, make John Hunter more of a personality than his brother William. The latter one cannot help regarding as the greater man of the two, in the sense that he was more of a philosopher than John, the restless, excitable, hard-working anatomist. Yet who shall choose between the brothers? They remain as examples of that strong-willed "dour" Scottish character, which then, as now, is always "haudin' south" (to London), rarely taking a return-ticket, and making its influence felt in a foreign land through sheer downright devotion to work. The story of the Hunters' lives, charmingly told by Dr. Mather, is really a tale of solid work and success, accomplished in the face of many discouragements, of many trials, and always as the result of much labour. Long ago, it was (perchance it still is) the fashion to recommend Dr. Smiles's books to young men who have a knack of aspiring to better things than those to which they are born. If, mayhap, there be a youthful medical in want of encouragement on the thorny pathway whereon his footsteps are set, he may peruse Dr. Mather's book with advantage. Quite true, competition to-day is harder than in the time of the Hunters; but the struggle is much the same always, and the lessons of the lives Dr. Mather chronicles are surely lessons for all time. The book is really an *édition de luxe*. Printed on toned paper, in choice type, and embellished with etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and by photogravures, the book is one to be placed in a special niche. Mr. Cameron's etching of East Kilbride is charming. The same opinion may be expressed of his view of Long Calderwood, but his etching of Hunterston almost requires a key for its proper understanding. There is too much of the "impressionist" in this latter sketch to make it acceptable to ordinary mortals.

ANDREW WILSON.

MR. CARLYLE AS A SENTIMENTALIST.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"We cannot be too sentimental," said a young lady once; but about John Knox Mr. Carlyle was quite sentimental enough. He made haste to hang an engraving of Knox on the wall of his study, as soon as he could get the smiling effigy of that sweet Christian soul; and, as far as pictures go, I am the last to find fault. My own apartment is almost covered with portraits of a hero, who is not John Knox, but a younger and infinitely better-looking man. However, the point is that Mr. Carlyle worshipped, as it were, at an empty or very dubious shrine. Nobody knows whether the engraving, the frontispiece of the last volume of Mr. Carlyle's works, is a portrait of Maister Knox or of some other sour-visaged elderly person. Nobody knows whether any of his other so-called portraits are like Knox, or whether they are only what a German wood-engraver thought an eminent Caledonian divine ought to be like. The first likeness, which Mr. Carlyle calls "the boiled one," is in Beza's "Icones" (1580), and when the "Icones" were published John Knox had gone to his own place. The wood-cut represents a good-humoured looking old party, in a round cap. He has a beard down to his breast, he has a hooked nose, in his hand is a book. He has no aspect of truculence, and Mr. Carlyle found this benevolent old creature "highly unacceptable." A translation of the "Icones" into French from Latin was soon published, and the cut of Knox was altered. We now have a most surly, blue-nosed, rugged creature, like a very ill-tempered Dandie Dinmont, in a skull-cap and a ruff. The beard is thick and short. But this portrait, though very like one's idea of Knox, is said to represent Tyndale, the translator of the Bible. Then, in 1602, comes out a Dutch book, with a Knox who is clearly no other than Beza's Knox, nose and beard and all. Wilkie liked this Knox, and painted him as he might appear if the devil had entered into him, preaching a sermon. We all know the engraving: Knox is delivering his message exactly in the attitude of Mr. Spofforth sending in a ferocious "yorker." The overhand delivery and the frantic energy are the same in both cases, but are more appropriate, I think, on the cricket field than in church. Mr. Carlyle calls Wilkie's "one of the most impossible pictures." But why? Knox really did seem as if he would "ding the pulpit to blads" (that is, to smithereens), according to an admiring spectator. Pulpits cannot be dinged to blads by moderate gestures; and as Knox sometimes seemed as if he would fly out of the pulpit, Wilkie has designed him, I think, with extreme moderation, considering. But Mr. Carlyle, being sentimental, calls it "the intolerablest figure that exists of Knox." Then there is the engraving which Mr. Carlyle framed, and hung up in his study, that he might gaze upon it fondly. This shows us a very bald, very eager old man;

all his face runs to a tremendous nose. He has a thick projecting under-lip, wears a neat small beard and moustache, and a gigantic Eton collar, like a bib. Beside him is an immense Bible. This picture belonged to Lord Somerville, and, later, to the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Smyth. The technique is that of the middle of last century; and it is called, by tradition, a portrait of the Scotch Reformer. If so, of course, it is a very late copy, from an unknown original. "If it is not John Knox," says Mr. Carlyle, "I cannot conjecture who or what it is." The field for conjecture is infinite; it might be any "auld decrepit creature" (as Nichol Burne calls Knox) of the period. There is another Knox, or was another, at Hamilton Palace, with a turned-up nose and a broad grin—perhaps Knox

to understand. Scotland is practically unanimous in sharing Mr. Carlyle's partiality for the Reformer, and there are plenty of eligible sites. Attitudes may be easily chosen. We could not have him preaching, in bronzo—the action is not statuesque; but he might be represented sitting, in old age, reposing as in St. Leonard's gardens. Or, in full vigour, he might be shown with his two-handed sword at his back, as when he guarded Wishart. Or he might have pen and paper, as when he was an attorney or country writer. So eminent and picturesque a patriot ought not to lack his monument, even if we may not care to have a very dubious engraving of the Reformer on our study walls. For Mr. Carlyle's taste for Knox is astonishing, when we remember how oratorical Knox was; how he never would meet Ninian Winet in written argument but only in sermons spoken. "Waist wynd agane" said Ninian. Now, Mr. Carlyle very copiously denounces "waist wynd."

HOLIDAY TIME.

"Glorious summer" has tarried long this year, and even now seems reluctant to do more than change the colour of our dream for a brief while. But though the weather be so uncertain, holidays have come round with their customary punctuality. The schoolmaster is, or will be, "abroad" in a literal and Continental sense, enjoying Alpine heights in preference to sounding the depths of boys' ignorance, and only employing mathematics to count the weeks of well-earned leisure. His pupils will, at the same time, be studying geography unconsciously in their journeys to the many seaside resorts which are just beginning the season of catering for their youthful visitors. We are beginning, too, to appreciate the beauties of inland England—to list with ear intent to what Jean Ingelow charmingly called "the lovely daughter of the wind-swept corn," and find sweet medicine for the weariness of city life in the calm restfulness of villages. A writer in the August number of the *Century Magazine* celebrates the joys of a wisely-organised walking



HOLIDAY TIME.

making merry at the murder of one of his opponents; for, on these occasions, the holy man made very merry, in his History of his time.

Of all these Knoxes, Beza's "boiled one" seems most likely to have won the heart of a girl of sixteen; as Knox did. On the other hand, she may have made him trim his long beard and moustache to the brevity of the so-called Somerville portrait. He has lost his good-humoured look, if both portraits really represent the Reformer.

Mr. Carlyle's sentiment, certainly, was but ill fed with portraits of the admired object. Some years ago the Scotch wanted to have a monument of Knox, but Mr. Carlyle says it was not "feasible," though money could be had in "millions." One marvels wherefore it was not feasible. The scheme for a monument ended "in utter collapse" and "immense uproar." Really this is difficult

tour, and there is no doubt that slowly we are learning that in such simple holidays tired brains and bodies are most naturally "re-created" in the fullest sense of the word. But while well-to-do folks are thinking of their holidays, without a doubt as to the possibility of obtaining them, thousands of young factory-workers and the children of crowded cities are pining for what to many is the unattainable. If when we are preparing for our own pleasures we will but give more than a thought to the less favoured but none the less deserving portion of the community, then our holidays will be all the happier for a generosity which blesseth him that gives as well as them who receive. Let parents and children about to enjoy a holiday think of the little ones in hot alleys and courts who are longing for a sight of green fields or blue waves.



"ISRAEL IN EGYPT,"—BY E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

Exhibited at the Guildhall Loan Collection, 1891.—Reproduced by kind permission of J. C. Hawkshaw, Esq.

"They did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens."

"And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage."

"All their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour."

This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

According to the almost unanimous voice of those most conversant with Egyptian antiquities, the "great oppressor" of the Hebrews was Rameses II. Seti, his father, may have been the originator of the scheme for crushing them by hard usage, but it must have been continued under his son, for monuments show that he erected his buildings chiefly by forced labour. He constructed the great wall for the protection of Egypt towards the east, the canal which united the Nile with the Red Sea, and countless buildings, excavations, obelisks, colossal statues and sphinxes, and other great works with which Egypt was adorned from one end to the other during his reign, which lasted for sixty-seven years.

STONEHENGE, THE BALEARIC ISLANDS, AND MALTA: ANCIENT TEMPLES COMPARED.

BY CAPTAIN S. P. OLIVER, F.S.A.

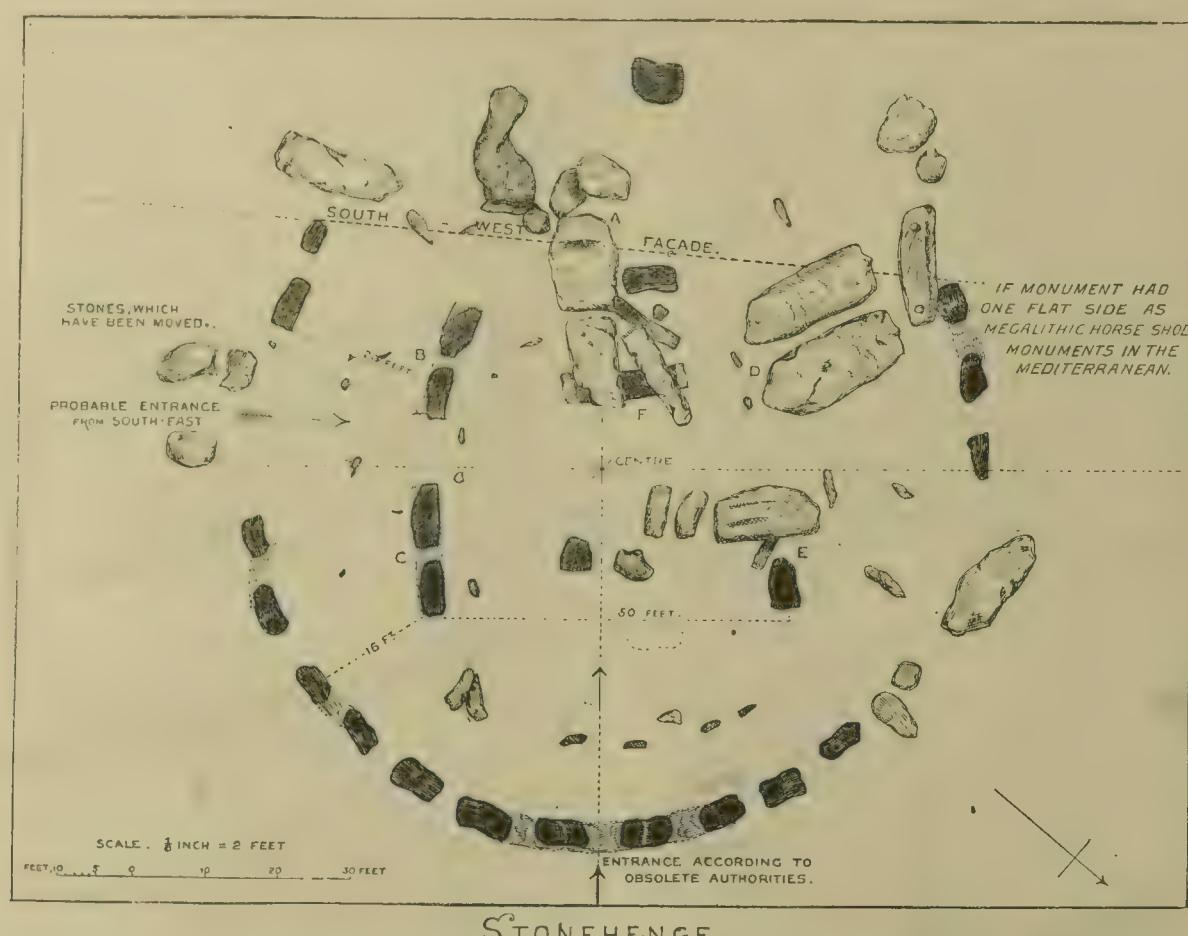
Some analogy between the "rude stone monuments" in the British islands and those existing near Port Mahon, in Minorca, was perceived, nearly a century and a half ago, by a clever engineer officer, John Armstrong, who published a book in 1752, four years before that island, which had since 1708 been a British possession, was captured by the French. He drew attention especially to a monument at Alayor, where he found an upright slab supporting a large flat capstone, opposite an enormous conical tumulus of masonry, which he supposed to have been an altar placed before a huge sepulchre. To other conical towers he ascribed another character, regarding them as look-out and signal stations, and so called in Spanish "Atalaya," or "Talaya" in the Minorcan dialect. These were actually used by the inhabitants down to a late date as signal-towers from which the approach of pirates was made known to the country folk. "Atalaya" is derived from an Arabic word, signifying a look-out station or watch-tower. Mr. Armstrong referred his readers to a work he had already published on the prehistoric cairns of Anglesey, Ireland, and Scotland. The Minorca monuments were examined and described by several Spanish



TRILITHION (AT B IN PLAN), STONEHENGE.

antiquaries during the past hundred years, and in our own day by Dr. John Samuel Phené, LL.D., F.G.S., who had long been employed in antiquarian researches in the Mediterranean. Dr. Phené found "enormous enceintes of cyclopean walls, within which are lofty conical erections, capable of supporting a vast concourse of persons externally, and many of which are clearly connected with a part in each of such enceintes devoted to solemn rites. These reserved parts are, when the wall has not been destroyed, always surrounded by an inner enclosure. Within the latter are the remains of circles of monoliths, in the centre of which, as a rule, is a lofty table, or altar, composed of a large block resting horizontally on an oblong, placed vertically, and forming the letter T, the *tau*. In some cases a third stone is erected, and this has a rude cap-stone—it cannot be called a capital. These are rare in the present condition of such remains; they appear apparently symbolic; in short, this and the *tau* represent the two chief symbols of Phoenician worship."

The "talayots" of Minorca are truncated, slightly conical towers, generally more or less circular, but sometimes square, usually containing but a single central conical crypt, with a central pillar, which may consist of several massive stones, roughly cylindrical, superimposed on one another, sufficing to form the column. When a single column is insufficient, two or even three are sometimes introduced. There are examples of central crypts without a central pillar, and in rare instances there is an upper chamber above the lower. Such examples approach more nearly to the Sardinian "nurhags," which were figured and described in *The Illustrated London News*, by the writer of the present notice, some twenty years ago, from his original drawings made in December 1872. The characteristic features common to both constructions are, first, the astonishing thickness of the walls, formed of horizontal masonry, the blocks of which are often of great volume, eight and ten-foot cubes, which are generally in the upper rows, their solidity aiding the equilibrium of the vaulted domes. The largest are 52 ft. in diameter at the base, and tapering to 45 ft. diameter at the summit. The height of the highest is just under 40 ft.



STONEHENGE.

Dr. Phené assumes that the stone tables of more careful workmanship are Roman restorations of previously existing and decaying monuments. In such cases he considers they assume the precise condition of those forming a portion of Stonehenge, which he believes to have been an improved augmentation of a smaller and ruder monument erected by the Britons anterior to the Roman occupation. In 1888 Mr. Samuel Tuke investigated the Balearic Islands and their antiquities. Finally, M. Emile Cartailhac, who is well known to ethnologists and antiquaries, made a thorough exploration of this group of islands at the end of 1888. The results have been communicated to the French Institute and other scientific societies in Paris, and are published under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, with numerous illustrations, plans, and photographs.

M. Cartailhac, having consulted all previous authorities obtainable, began with the preconceived opinion that the "taulas," or upright monoliths, were, as hitherto regarded, altars; but his trained habit of thorough investigation soon led him to quite a different conclusion. He observed, in all instances, that they were arranged in a curvilinear position; and the vertical pillars, when *in situ*,

slabs of a flat ceiling. There can be no doubt, after inspecting his plans and elevations, that the taulas were, in fact, usefully employed as the supporting pillars of a roofed building. What this building was intended for, considering its dimensions—50 ft. in diameter—M. Cartailhac, like a wise man, does not pretend even to suggest. Was it a sacred temple or a palace? He does not hesitate to admit his total ignorance. All he insists upon is that, wherever found, it is the principal edifice. Besides this he finds at Torre d'en Galmés some remains or traces of a concentric ring of upright monoliths, which have supported flat slabs, forming a covered gallery or cloister; also an interior construction, with upright pillars and dry-walling in between them, and flat roofing slabs fallen in; together with outside annexes, of apsidal or horseshoe shape, in one of which the roofing slab is still sustained on its central and side pillars, forming a species of trilithion, which, had it stood alone, might well have puzzled archaeologists as to its intended purpose.

On a hill near the farm of Son-Sabo, in Majorca, is a large circle of stones at the level of the ground. If this occurred in England, the ordinary observer would at once conclude that this had been a Druidical circle, and the



PART OF INTERIOR STRUCTURE (AT C IN PLAN) OF STONEHENGE.

had all evidently pointed towards a central pillar. He examined the ruins of substantial walls of semicircular buildings, on the interior sides of which he found the taulas had been inset as pillars on the radii, at intervals, supporting, in some cases, a corbeling in a vaulted roof; in other examples an interior concentric ring of upright monoliths, capped with flat stones, supported huge

stone in the centre would be regarded as having been an altar. But M. Cartailhac finds, rather, in this instance, an outer row of big stones, which formed the foundations of the cloister surrounding a "talayot," and within these the basal stone of the central pillar of the vault. It must be remembered that the outer circle is 50 ft. in diameter, and we cannot think it could have been filled in and roofed.

STONEHENGE, THE BALEARIC ISLANDS, AND MALTA: ANCIENT TEMPLES COMPARED.



TALAYOT, OR VAULTED TOWER, MINORCA.



THE GREATEST TALAYOT MINORCA.

over by a dome. Yet at Malta somewhat similar ellipsoidal apses, or horseshoe chambers (generally in pairs) are surrounded by the remains of ruined walls of enormous thickness and solidity, which are of a construction analogous to that of the edifices in Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. Now, the dimensions of some of these ruins are very large, the enclosure of the most massive example, in the island of Gozo, being upwards of 100 ft. in diameter, which is the same diameter as the outer circle of Stonehenge.

Avebury is generally quoted as a larger and ruder counterpart of Stonehenge; but so few stones remain *in situ* that it is almost impossible to reconstruct it, even in imagination. It is classed as a circle with interior circles, yet if Aubrey's plans (however untrustworthy) are consulted, it will be seen that, even in his day, the circle is a stretch of imagination. One side, that to the south-west, is decidedly flat, and the so-called circles within are decidedly of horseshoe shape, with straight façades also to south-west and south. The so-called avenues may have been lines of cyclopean fortification, or portions of an encceinte, and probably only the central stones inside the inner circles represented the ruins of edifices not dissimilar to those now seen in the Balearic Islands.

Since we find traces of a partly ovoidal building, like that at Torre d'en Galmés, with inner pillars which supported the slabs of a species of ambulatory or cloister, with an inner apsidal chamber, it is far from impossible that such a cloister may have been formed by the outer ring of Stonehenge, whose roof formed a terrace or basement to the superior edifice formed by the great trilithons in the

Stonchenge architects had some connection with, or, at least, an intimate knowledge of, the builders of those cyclopean structures in Minorca, Malta, and Sardinia.

The notion that Stonehenge was hypethral, or open to the sky, may certainly be dismissed from the mind. As Mr. James Fergusson, one of the highest authorities upon such questions, has well asked: "Is the climate of the

Wiltshire downs so perfect and equable that men could afford to dispense with roofs or the ordinary protection against weather, or are we to assume that the men who could move these masses of stone and raise these mounds were such utter savages that they could not erect an enclosed building of any sort? Egypt," he proceeds, "has the finest and most equable climate in the world, yet all her temples are roofed in a more careful manner and are more stately than our mediaeval cathedrals; and so are all those of India



ENTRANCE TO INNER CHAMBER.

centre. The two or three storeyed "nurhags" of Sardinia were surrounded by substantial terraces in which were smaller crypts. At Stonchenge is remarked also the peculiar method of fixing a horizontal stone or table upon the vertical oblong stone, by a mortice and tenon arrangement. This is found nowhere else but in the Mediterranean, and we may suppose, therefore, that the

and the Eastern climes, where shelter is far less wanted than here." The Rev. W. C. Lukis has said, "There is much in the foregoing remarks upon the large monolithic circles in England to favour a belief that they served the same purpose as the outer ring of monoliths of the Scotch monuments—i.e., that they constituted the stone fence surrounding a family burial-place."



HAGIAR KHEM, MALTA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Inoculation with modified germ-material as a means of preventing grave disease is, of course, familiar to everybody in the case of vaccination for small-pox. It is almost equally well known in the case of the inoculation of cows and sheep for the prevention of anthrax or splenic fever; this latter practice being founded on the discoveries of Pasteur himself. How or why the body which has thus been infected with a mild culture of germs should resist the attack of powerful and non-modified germs (belonging to the same or to an allied species), nobody exactly knows. Theories, of course, exist regarding the nature of the protective process which is thus worked out in the living history, and some of these hypotheses appear fairly well to explain the *rationale* of inoculation; but exact knowledge on this latter point is not yet within our grasp. What we have to fall back upon, however, as a perfectly safe foundation is the fact that such protective influence is both real and valuable. I recently showed how in the case of diphtheria a wondrous success had been scored in the treatment of this fell ailment by the use of the antitoxin; and now we learn that even cholera appears to be in a fair

to be outside the class of diseases amenable to inoculation at all.

I observe that the old and vexed question of the Niagara Falls, regarded as a geological chronometer, has been ventilated lately in a paper by Professor J. W. Spencer. The rate at which the falls cut their ways backwards, and the date at which the Falls came into existence, have long been discussed in geological circles. Mr. Spencer seems to have laboured most diligently to prepare a full and accurate synopsis of the history of these giant floods. He remarks that their age has been estimated with very different results, ranging from 6000 to 55,000 years. Geology, let us bear in mind, has only a relative, and not an absolute chronology. That is to say, we cannot set down exactly in years, as in the case of an historical event, the lapse of time which has taken place since any given geological phase occurred. We can only estimate such a lapse relatively to what is observed in similar phases of action to-day. Keeping this caution in mind, let us see what Professor Spencer tells us about the Niagara gorge and its waters.

First of all, before the great ice-age, the Niagara River,

continues, before Lake Erie is reached. This will happen by reason of the diversion of the waters of the upper lakes to the Mississippi, by way of Chicago. Mr. Spencer says the extinction of the Falls will thuswise occur in from 7000 to 8000 years. Meanwhile, they will remain for many generations to come a natural wonder, whose magnificence astonishes and interests, while it also appalls.

I am pleased to observe that Dr. H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S., in the course of his presidential address to the Chemical Society, a report of which I have only lately perused, has roundly and soundly condemned the present tendency to "excessive lesson-learning" (in plain English, "cram") and to the work of "the examination-demon," which threatens to demoralise English boys and girls. Dr. Armstrong tells us truly that the result of these tendencies in modern education is to send students forth into the world "destitute of the sense of accuracy," and possessing "little, if any, observing power": they are "neither inquisitive nor acquisitive," and they have "little power of helping themselves." All this is most true, and every teacher knows it. Professor Huxley, years ago, said we were all "examination mad." With what result,



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: A FAST CRUISER ORDERED TO RECONNOITRE.

Fast Cruisers are known as the "Eyes of the Fleet."

way of being ranked among the diseases preventible on the inoculation principle.

Professor Haffkine, whose name has been chiefly associated with the inoculation treatment of cholera, is at present in India, testing his system in that land where cholera appears to be a resident and native (or endemic) production. He is occupied in putting to a rigid experimental test, in the midst of cholera attack, his views of the prevention of the ailment. Lately we have been furnished with some very noteworthy incidents in the scientific history of Dr. Haffkine's mission. Thus, out of a family of six persons, four were duly inoculated with cholera material last March. Now, lately, the neighbourhood in which these persons reside has been the focus of a cholera attack. The result of the invasion has been that the four inoculated persons have escaped infection, while the two who were not operated upon were seized. Again, in the case of a family of eleven people, five were inoculated last March, and one of the six who were not so treated was attacked. Out of a family of nine in another instance, six were inoculated; out of the three left unprotected, one was seized. The immunity of the inoculated persons here, points to something more than can be explained by mere coincidence or by the doctrine of chances. We may hope to hear more of the success of Professor Haffkine's mission, and to congratulate him, perchance, on having discovered a means of preventing a dangerous ailment such as was deemed not so long ago

he holds, was *non est*. The chasm at the Whirlpool and the valley at St. David's are part of a separate and buried valley through which the Niagara gorge has been excavated. How fast the river cuts its way back is answered by saying that the average modern rate is 4·175 feet per year. I fancy this is much higher than the rate given by Sir C. Lyell, who, if I mistake not, sets down the backward erosion at about a foot per annum. But the rate varies, Mr. Spencer teaches; and the mean rate of recession, having regard to the modern descent of the river, is to be set down at 3·75 ft. in place of the above estimate. An elaborate history is then given of the alterations which have taken place in the lake region which Niagara drains. Professor Spencer divides the Niagara history into four episodes, and has taken the trouble to calculate the duration of these several phases and the rates of descent and of recession.

He arrives at the conclusion that the age of the Falls is to be set down at 31,000 years, and to this is to be added 1000 years as the age of the river before the Falls appeared as a part of its history. About 8000 years ago Mr. Spencer fixes as the date at which the waters of the Huron were turned into the Niagara. Elevation of land has been a prime factor in bringing about the changes which are thus chronicled. At present, in the Niagara district, the uplifting proceeds at the rate of 1·25 ft. per century, east of Lake Huron at 2 ft., and at the outlet of Lake Ontario 2·5 ft. in the 100 years. Looking ahead, we are told the Falls will come to an end, if the present rate of elevation

let successful foreign competition (founded on a better system of education than ours) in technical things, in trades, and in everything else, demonstrate to our grief, shame, and sorrow.

The National Association for Promoting Technical Education held its seventh annual meeting on July 26, the Duke of Devonshire presiding. Sir Henry Roscoe, in presenting the report, stated that sixty-nine technical schools are now being erected, forty-three of which will cost an aggregate sum of £690,000, loans raised by the local authorities, funds received under the Local Taxation Act, and public or private subscriptions. Thirty-two other technical schools have been transferred to the municipal authorities in various cities and towns. The local Chambers of Commerce are promoting these efforts; while some of the County Councils, as well as town councils and boards of educational trusts, have adopted the "minor scholarship" scheme to aid successful pupils of elementary schools in passing to places of higher instruction; and the "major scholarship," for those of secondary schools to go to Colleges of University rank, will henceforth be directed by a newly-formed representative committee, which has held its first meeting. The Association has been considering the advisability of taking over from Government the management of the Bethnal Green Museum, and of connecting itself with the proposed Gresham University for London.



RAMSGATE SANDS.—BY W. W. RUSSELL.

OFF AND AWAY!

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Half the fun of getting away for a holiday is to make desperate plans at one minute and to topple them all over the next. I had a friend once who never knew where he was going until he was actually at the booking-office with the money for his fare in his hand. His destination usually depended on the whim of selecting a railway-station. If the day happened to be fine and he wanted a long drive, he would direct the cab-driver to Paddington, and found himself in due course of time at the Land's End or the Scilly Islands. If he were lazy he would go across from the club to Charing Cross, take a ticket to Paris or Brussels, and make up his mind again when he had exhausted the pleasures of either capital. I should be afraid to say how many places I visited in imagination before, as fate willed it, I found myself in exactly the opposite direction. I went—purely in imagination—to all the water cures on the Continent, beginning at Contrexéville and ending at Aix-les-Bains. Directly I had firmly fixed on Contrexéville as a place I had never seen and where I was not likely to meet anybody who would tempt me to minimise the value of the cure, some fiend whispered in my ear that it was deadly dull, and that I should waste all my holiday in despondency and the "blues." A few hours afterwards I had mentally packed up and had started for Aix-les-Bains. I should be jolly there, at any rate. All the "boys" were at Aix. Every post brought me a letter from an old friend begging me to come to Aix. Doctors and editors impressed on me that Aix would be my salvation; and, supposing Aix were dreadfully hot and enervating, could I not get up to Chamounix from Geneva in a few hours, and be surrounded with glaciers and snow-capped mountains? How well I remember my last drive from Geneva to Chamounix, in a carriage and four horses! I on the box with the driver, admiring the superb scenery as we ascended from lake to mountain, and my four companions, who shall be nameless, playing "Nap" the whole journey, looking neither to the right nor to the left—pausing not one "jack pot" to look at waterfalls, forests, or glaciers. But for all that Aix-les-Bains was still to be unvisited by me. The spirit of opposition was soon at my side. All the good the baths might do would be neutralised by cheery companionship, there would still be sitting up late o' nights, and is there not an alluring game called baccarat at this seductive spot? And then a medical imp began his whispering. "Supposing they do wash all the acid out of you at Aix, it will be certain to come back again. A valley is the very worst place for one of your nature. You want rest—complete, absolute rest. Go to the mountains!" But how could I combine mountain air with water cures? I hunted through the Continental "Bradshaw," and could not find one water cure on the top of a mountain. How delightful if I could discover a "douche" of some kind or other at the top of the Rigi or Pilatus, for instance! But all water cures seem to be in valleys. At the thought of Ems, for instance, I positively trembled. There you are cured in the hottest valley I have ever visited. Besides, Ems and Wiesbaden and Baden, and all the old-world watering-places, are full of "ghosts." Did I not visit them in the old gambling days, rushing from one to another feverishly and youthfully, in the golden days of Baden, when Strauss conducted and the world was found in the neighbourhood of the Rhine? Why not try a compromise, then? I recalled a delicious little spot in the heart of the Black Forest called Rippoldsain, a resting-place among pines and forest land which I had promised to revisit when I had time; but when I turned to the "Bradshaw" I found that Rippoldsain had nothing whatever to do with gout nervous or rheumatism hereditary, so the Black Forest was wiped off the slate. Clearly I must go to the mountains, and never more to the sea. Going round the world pickles you for life, and the difficulty when you come home is to get rid of the "damps and the dews." A splendidly happy thought came into my head. Why could I not combine cathedral-visiting, sight-seeing, a grape cure, a driving tour, and a rest on the mountains? Impossible! Not a bit of it. I would start from Victoria in the morning and be at Rheims by supper-time. Art would be there with the old Cathedral and its costly tapestries; then I might visit half a dozen of the champagne manufactories and eat as many grapes as I desired. Another brief journey would take me to Basle, the resting-place of all Swiss travellers, and always revisited with interest. Once more a short journey, and behold, I am at Lucerne. A repetition of the Rhine to me has become wearisome, but the Lake of Lucerne is now, as ever, a thing of divine beauty. It would be difficult to match that lake journey from Lucerne to Flüelen anywhere in the wide world. Of course, that trip was in my plan. But alas! it was not to be. Like my friend the man of uncertain mind, I found myself at Paddington instead of Victoria on the loveliest of summer days. How peaceful and green and beautiful the country looked as the train rushed from Middlesex to Bucks, from Bucks to Berks, from Wiltshire to Gloucestershire! There was a regatta in full swing near old Maidenhead Bridge. The atmosphere was so clear that I could see King Alfred's White Horse cut in the chalk of the hill overlooking the valley of that name immortalised by Tom Brown of Rugby. There was a Volunteer gathering at Gloucester, and the station was, for this occasion only, "up in arms." And then we ascended slowly, slowly up the mountain side. We call them "hills" in England, but they would be little mountains elsewhere. On and on we went, up and up. The air became purer, fresher, sweeter. Was it so very much worse than the Black Forest or Switzerland, after all? No fatigue to-day, no Channel crossing, no examination at the Customs, no foreign carriages, stuffed in every compartment. It was England, the most beautiful place in the wide world, and the midlands of England, which require a good deal of beating for beauty. Up still higher in the mountains went the train. At every accomplished mile the air seemed sweeter still. And when night closed me round, I stood out on a flowered balcony at Great Malvern, enjoying the exquisite silence, broken only by the chiming of the Abbey bells!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

ALBERT WOLFF (Notting Hill).—Mate need not in every case be prolonged to the third move, the condition being only against the best play of the defence.

P H WILLIAMS.—Thanks; it looks neat, although a resetting of an old idea.

C G STEVENS (Isle of Wight).—Undoubtedly; nor do we know when we shall see his like.

W P H (Seaford).—Is the move you give for No. 2625 a possible one? We presume you mean B 6th. The annexed diagram shall be examined. We quite see your point.

F EGLIN (Spedding).—Much obliged, but the problem is too easy for publication.

T THOMAS.—There is no Black Knight in the diagram sent, and yet Black's first move, according to your play, is Kt takes Kt.

F LESLIE.—The problem seems to be sound; as a rule, however, we give a preference to problems in two or three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2615 received from W P Hind (Cape Town); of No. 2617 from D A Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2622 from C Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2623 from F Glanville, II H (Peterborough), Albert Wolff, and T Roberts; of No. 2624 from R Worts (Camberwell), Bruno Feist (Cologne), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W Righy, J Bailey (Newark), and W E Thompson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2625 received from W P Hind, M A Eye (Folkestone), F Waller (Luton), W R Railton, G T Hughes (Athy), F Granville, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Charles G Stevens (Isle of Wight), Admiral Brandreth, Shadforth, C D (Camberwell), C M A B, P D Jones (Newcastle Emlyn), J Hall, Howich, Frank Davies, J Coad, J Ross (Whitley), L Desanges, Martin F, Nigel, Bruno Feist (Cologne), T G (Ware), H E Lee (Worthing), Dawn, T Roberts, R Worts (Canterbury), H B Hurford, G Joyce, Z Ingold (Frampton), E B Foord, Bruton, J S Martin (Kidderminster), Meursius (Brussels), Ubique, A Newman, A H B, J C Ireland, M Teitelbaum (Warsaw), Hereward, H S Brandreth, Dr. Goldsmith (Worthing), F A Carter (Maldon), J W Scott (Newark), W Mackenzie, O Pearce, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), E H Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R Worts (Canterbury), R H Brook, and Edward J Sharpe.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF MR. GUNTZER'S PROBLEM received from W Pocoock (Cape Town); of MR. LAW'S PROBLEM from Carl Arfwedson (Hedenso, Sweden).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2624.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE
1. B to R 5th
2. Kt to B 4th (ch)
3. Q or B mates

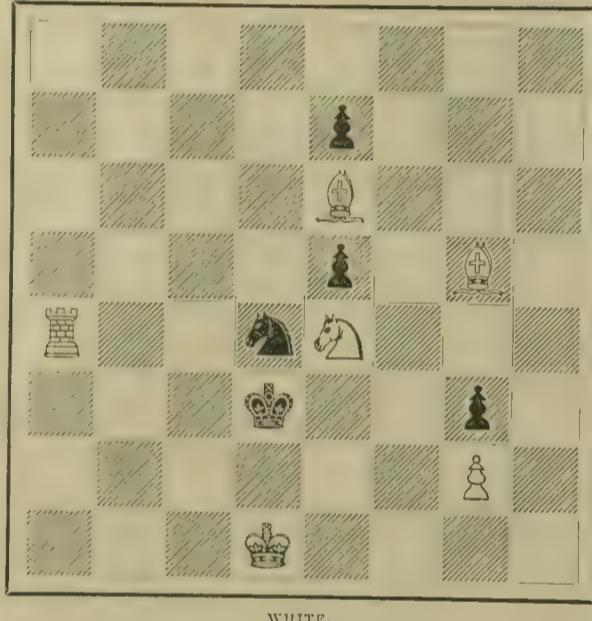
BLACK
K takes P
K moves

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, then 2. K to B 3rd, K takes P, 3. Kt to Q 5th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2627.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The following games were played in the match between Messrs. HODGES and SNOWALTER. (*Ponziani's Opening*.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to K 2nd	Q R to Kt sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B takes Kt	P takes B
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. P to R 6th	B to R sq
Inferior to Kt to K B 3rd.		22. K to R sq	Q to Kt 3rd
4. Q to R 4th	P takes P	23. Kt to K sq	R to K sq
5. Kt takes P	Q to Q 4th	24. B to K 4th (ch)	P to B 4th
6. Kt takes Kt		25. Q to B 2nd	

Another continuation here is B to Q Kt 3rd, threatening, if Q takes Kt, B takes Kt (ch).

6. P takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd
7. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
8. Castles	P takes P
9. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
10. B takes P	B to Kt 2nd
11. Q to Kt 3rd	Castles
12. Q to B 4th	Kt to Q 4th

It would be bad to lose the K B P with much threatening by the Bishop afterwards.

13. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to B 4th
14. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th
15. P to Q 4th	P to K R 4th
16. P to R 5th	P to R 5th

17. P to R 3rd

The advance of P to K R 6th must be prevented. There are some very clever attacking manœuvres on both sides at this part of the game.

17. P to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
18. R to R 4th	

A capital and somewhat subtle defensive move. If Black continues his advance to P to K Kt 5th, White captures and has an attack on the Queen by B takes Kt.

18. R to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
19. P to K Kt 5th	

This seems inferior to B to K 2nd—a most important move here of a defensive and developing nature.

20. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
21. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd

With the object of playing R to Q Kt sq presently, Q P takes P is not good, on account of the attack afterwards on Black's Queen by R to Q sq.

22. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 2nd
23. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd

It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

But there is point in White's play also.

24. Q to K 2nd	
25. B to K 2nd	

With the object of playing R to Q Kt sq presently, Q P takes P is not good, on account of the attack afterwards on Black's Queen by R to Q sq.

26. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
27. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd

It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

But there is point in White's play also.

28. Q to R to K 2nd	Resigns
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(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P

This seems inferior to B to K 2nd—a most important move here of a defensive and developing nature.

5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd

With the object of playing R to Q Kt sq presently, Q P takes P is not good, on account of the attack afterwards on Black's Queen by R to Q sq.

7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B
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It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

But there is point in White's play also.

8. P takes P	Kt to K 2nd
9. Kt to Q 4th	Castles

It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
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It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

11. R to Q sq	
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The game is on familiar lines so far.

Here Kt takes Q B P is threatened.

12. Q to K sq	
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With the object of playing R to Q Kt sq presently, Q P takes P is not good, on account of the attack afterwards on Black's Queen by R to Q sq.

13. P takes P (en pas.)	P takes P
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It would appear more forcible to play at once R takes P, and if P takes R, Q to B 6th wins.

14. Kt takes P	
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This is the turning point, and now, all

Resigns

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Thirteen Christian sects in America admit women fully to the ministry. Here there are but the "Friends" and the Salvation Army that allow women to teach and preach. Among the Wesleyans in their early days, their days of red-hot earnestness, there were many women preachers. There was no one thing that so distinguished Wesley's ideas as the desire to substitute for sacerdotal authority a personal assurance of God's presence in the humblest heart. He was an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church himself, and only slowly gave way to a conviction that lay persons should not merely feel spiritual truth in their own souls, but should also communicate it to others. But he did at length completely adopt that opinion, and in course of time he authorised the preaching of laywomen as well as of laymen. George Eliot's preaching Methodist woman in "Adam Bede" was founded on what had become a common and fully accepted type in the religious revival of her day. "The germ of 'Adam Bede,'" wrote the author, "was an anecdote told me by my Methodist aunt Samuel. . . . The character of Dinah grew out of my recollection of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small dark-eyed woman, and (as I was told) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had left off preaching when I knew her, being in delicate health; she was very loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was generally closely shut up from those around me."

In these last few words "Dinah" would have claimed her mission to be stamped as from God. So would Wesley himself, for he, like the "Friends," maintained that to have an inward sense of being called to arouse the spiritual life of others, and to prove the call to be a true one by practical success in ministering, gave sufficient assurance of the person's right and duty to be a minister. Indeed, he finally became very emphatic on the duty of women to take part in religious ministrations. In a sermon on visiting the sick, and exhorting and confessing them, he remarked—"But may not women, as well as men, bear a part in this honourable service? Undoubtedly they may; nay, they ought; it is meet, right, and their bounden duty. Herein there is no difference; there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus." Instead, it has long passed for a maxim with many, that women are only to be seen, not heard. And accordingly many of them are brought up in such a manner as if they were only designed for agreeable playthings! But is this doing honour to the sex? or is it a real kindness to them? No, it is the deepest unkindness; it is horrid cruelty, it is mere Turkish brutality. And I know not how any woman of sense and spirit can submit to it. Let all you that have it in your power assert the right which the God of nature has given you; yield not to that vile bondage any longer! You, as well as men, are rational creatures." In the face, then, of what women have done and been fully encouraged to do as class leaders and lay preachers, in Methodism, the excited and protracted discussion that was indulged in by the members of the annual Parliament of the sect the other day, as to whether a lady duly appointed by "the third London district" as a delegate should take her seat or not, seems a little crab-like—making haste backwards. They finally resolved to let this lady delegate take her seat, but to appoint a committee to consider if nominations of women should be permitted for the future.

This is a sad tale that the London County Council is telling us about the prevalence of short weight in certain trades, consequent on a decision of the High Court of Justice that wrappers may legally be weighed in with the goods. The County Council report drily observes that it was doubtful if there was a custom of weighing up wrappers with grocers' goods before that decision, but there is no doubt whatever that it has become a general custom now. The Council's inspectors weighed 585 bags of flour that were sold as a certain weight, and found no fewer than 427 really to contain less, and that deficiency was actually two per cent. The same considerable deficiency was found in 90 out of 232 packages of tea, and in the case of teas sold packed in lead paper, the deficiency is said to be systematically as much as an ounce in the pound. It is an extraordinary piece of legal wisdom to declare such a form of short weight legal. However, as it is so declared, all that is open to us housewives is to protect ourselves to a certain degree. We must all weigh the contents of our tea-packets, our sugar-papers, and our flour-bags, and if we find those contents short, make a protest to the businesslike, polite, and manageable tradesman, to the effect that whether or no the law allows him to send us fourteen ounces to the pound, we mean to deal with somebody who serves the old sixteen of the cherished avordupois table of our childhood.

Hard water for washing is both uncomfortable and injurious, so the new preparation for immediately softening the bath and wash-hand-basin water, Cosmosine, deserves attention. Cosmosine is in the form of a white and fine powder, a teaspoonful of which in the basin, or three table-spoonfuls in a full bath, will soften the water and make it both refreshing and cleansing. We all know the effect of hardness of the water on soap—how it curdles, and seems to produce no effect. It thus becomes incapable of performing its proper cleansing duties—of dissolving the cuticle and carrying off with the waste of the skin the effects of pers

ART NOTES.

The council of the Royal Academy, when making selections for their annual exhibition, enjoy a sinecure compared to that of the examiners for the National Art Competition. More than a thousand centres of teaching entered the lists this year, and forwarded an average of rather over ninety-three works each. To look through 97,943 drawings, paintings, designs, and models, is no light task, and then comes the ordeal of comparing the fraction retained, making the awards, and reporting adversely or favourably on the classes, and often on the individual exhibit; 3605 works were deemed worthy of competing for 786 prizes, of which number 165 were open only to free students of the National Art Training School. The survivors from this friendly battle in an artistic arena are on view at the South Kensington Museum. Of the twelve gold medals a fourth part was given as honorary awards to the Training School, and all three went to Miss Lilian Simpson for models, two of them being figures from life and the third a book-cover. Models won three of the other golds, oil-painting one, and designs for architecture, ornament, illustration, and silversmithery the remaining five. In their report the examiners for modelling—Mr. Armstead, Mr. Brock, Mr. Onslow Ford, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft—notice an improvement over last year's work in antique figure in the round, but a want of complete finish; a good show in figure from life in the round; design with figure "extremely good"; reliefs from life "of a very low order"; ornament lacking in originality; heads from life of generally poor quality. In painting, Mr. Yeames, Mr. John Collier, and Mr. Hacker note improvement in that from the living model, but none in painted heads sent from the Training School. Drawings from the life are "fairly good"; time sketches are below the standard of last year; hands and feet from life "are very poor in quality"; heads show an advance on those of last year. For design, Mr. Morris, Mr. J. Shields, Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Alan Cole, Mr. Stephen Webb, and Mr. De Morgan were examiners; Mr. Graham Harris for mechanical drawings; Professor Aitchison, Mr. J. G. Jackson, and Mr. J. Stevenson for the architectural division. Mr. Gow, Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. Leslie, and Mr. Crofts were associated with some of the other artists named in the sections for still life, drapery, and drawing from the living model. Taken altogether, the report is not discreditable to the teachers or students of the contesting schools of art.

The Crystal Palace School of Art takes a good position. As visitors it has the new Director of the National Gallery and Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A. Among its masters it numbers Mr. Samuel Hodson, of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and Mr. John Scott, of the Royal Institute. On Saturday last the works executed during the present session were judged by a figure-painter, a sculptor, and a landscapist—namely, Sir James Linton, P.R.I., Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. Alfred East, R.I., who

collaborated in assigning the prizes. These consisted of four silver medals, certificates, and a scholarship in art, the last being given to that holder of a certificate who betokened the strongest feeling for art. This, therefore, may be considered the chief prize, and the judges are not likely to have differed as to the rightful "scholar," for Miss M. Kathleen Streatfield was easily first. The medallist for drawing from the life was Miss Agnes Vyse; for water-colour painting from the figure, Miss Thurnburn; for water-colour paintings of buildings or landscape, Miss Helen Craig; for a painting in oils, Miss Thessel S. Cochran.

Full advantage was taken of the free entry granted through last week to the studios of the late Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A. Although his style seems somewhat lifeless nowadays, it was based on good conventions. A certain measure of respect was aroused by this reintroduction to plaster or marble groups and statues which, at quite distant dates ranging from the thirties, were exhibited at the Royal Academy. But in spite of the sculptor's usual maintenance that Flaxman and Grecian art were the standards to be followed (at a long way, in his case), such realistic groups as "Cinderella," "Paul and Virginia," and "Little Bo-Peep" were among his best pieces. As with all artists, many of the sketch models were more artistic than the completed works.

The National Gallery of New South Wales increases and multiplies its contents. A figure-piece by Mr. E. R. Hughes—"The Poet Gringoire"; a drawing of London, by Mr. Herbert Marshall—"Fleet Street at Sunset"; a desert scene by Mr. F. Goodall—"A Bedouin's Home"; and a painting by Professor Giovanni Costa, have recently been bought for its collection. Professor Costa's picture is for a brief time on view at Messrs. Agnew's galleries. It is a large upright, the space mainly filled by a barefoot girl in pale green drapery, bearing a garland-entwined basket on her head, and it is entitled "Virginia di Monte San Giorgio, Perugia." Professor Costa is more admirable in landscape, but Sydney may be congratulated on acquiring "Virginia," and it will be in good company when it arrives at its destination, for it is there that "Wedded," by Sir Frederick Leighton, so familiar in black and white reproduction, "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," by A. de Neuville, "The Widower," by Mr. Luke Fildes, and many another picture which has made mark in London, are to be found.

Last year, of the sales effected within the walls of the Royal Academy Mr. Sidney Cooper scored the highest price. This year, with the exception of Mr. Fehr's piece of sculpture bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, Mr. Colin Hunter heads the by no means lengthy roll of "sold," his painting "The Gleanings of the Herring Harvest" having found a purchaser at £800.

More attention has been given to the cure of stammering and other impediments of speech by Mr. Beasley, of Brampton Park, Huntingdon, than by any other man in England. Himself a hopeless stammerer for more than thirty years, his treatment of his own case led him to a close study of the causes of stammering generally.

Having completed his own cure, the student became the monitor, with such remarkable success that many old and young of both sexes, who had thought their impediments absolutely incurable, have had the power of perfect speech restored to



MR. B. BEASLEY, JUNR.

them, and many whose lives might have been aimless and without ambition have been enabled to enter the Church, the Army, the Navy, the medical and other professions, with perfect ease.

It would be well if the existence of so valuable an institution were more generally known, for undoubtedly stammering may be classed as one of the most grievous of the minor afflictions which beset poor humanity. In the present age, when competition for the professions becomes keener every year, it is not to be wondered at that the authorities are growing correspondingly stricter in *viva voce* examinations of candidates whose speech education has been neglected, and refusing absolutely to pass those who suffer from stammering, no matter how superior their qualifications in other respects may be. It seems very remarkable that the greatest of all human powers—"the power of speech"—should not only be uncultivated in schools, but positively injured, as it certainly is, by the present system of cramming and high pressure.

A stammering boy at school finds success all but impossible, for at every turn his infirmity blocks the way. He is often unable to answer questions, although he may know what to say far better than any other boy in the

class. This, after a time, becomes to a sensitive lad very galling, makes him careless, and destroys all feeling of emulation or interest in his work. If he be of an indolent nature he can easily shirk his lessons, knowing that his hesitation will cause him to be passed over, as possibly his tutor may give him credit for knowing his work when he does not. On the other hand, he may be industrious and clever, and yet, through want of speech, be considered lazy or a dullard, although perfect in every line.

Not only is the stammering boy's educational work retarded, but his social life is often made utterly miserable through the thoughtless or wanton behaviour of his companions. In every school boys will be found who take delight in laughing at the afflictions of others, and stammering seems to afford them special opportunity for ridicule and imitation. Boys are sometimes worked into ungovernable passion through such heartless behaviour, while others of a different temperament have been so hurt as to appear almost broken-hearted. Many an amiable lad has had his temper spoiled and his disposition ruined under such conditions. Parents are often utterly ignorant of the existence of such a state of things, and boys of the right metal are unwilling to "peach" or complain.

Not one parent in fifty has the remotest idea of the sufferings their stammering children undergo, but if they would take the trouble to minutely inquire, they would very often find a mental condition of unhappiness which would greatly surprise them. But it frequently happens that they have



MR. B. BEASLEY.

consulted the family doctor, and have only been too ready to accept his comforting formula that "the boy will grow out of it." There are, fortunately, some medical men who will not treat the matter in this cavalier-like manner; far from it. Many of them are fully alive to the vast growth and increasing importance of the malady, but, unfortunately,

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Brisbane is appealing for £50,000 to constitute a Clergy Central Sustentation Fund in his diocese. It will be apportioned from time to time in grants towards stipends in the poorer parishes. At the meeting held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, Bishop Barry warmly supported the appeal on the ground that Brisbane was a missionary diocese.

The movement to provide separated Chairmen of Districts in the Methodist Connexion has received a severe check, notwithstanding the advocacy of many influential men. It was rejected by a large majority at the meeting of the conference in Birmingham. It was contended by those opposed to the scheme that the separated chairmen would really be bishops, and that the proposal was one for a return to Anglicanism. It was also maintained that the expenses of carrying out the arrangements would be very great. The laity of Methodism and the rank and file of the ministers are evidently decided hostile to any movement of the kind.

The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Whiteside, is about forty years of age. He is a B.A. of London University, and has already received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rome.

The centenary of the Catholic College of Stonyhurst has been celebrated with great success. Nearly seven hundred persons sat down at the centenary dinner, including a very large number of old Stonyhurst boys and members of most of the best known English Catholic families, as well as priests and laymen from many distant places. Cardinal Vaughan said he was there as an old boy to offer, with his colleagues, their congratulations and thanks to the religious order to which that college belonged—the Society of Jesus. The religious orders and congregations were the most powerful auxiliaries of the Church.

The Mansfield Summer School of Theology has been carried on with great success. About four hundred ministers were present. The most popular lecturer was Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, the author of an important new work on the historical geography of the Holy Land.

The programme for the Church Congress again suggests the doubt whether once a year for a Church Congress is not too often. The *Guardian* suggested some time ago that once in three years might be sufficient. This year there are many of the old names and the old subjects. The Higher Criticism appears to have established itself firmly, Professor Driver and Professor Sanday being among the speakers for the year. Several ladies are announced, including Miss Soulsby, head mistress of the Oxford High School, Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., Miss E. Wordsworth, and the wives of several bishops. Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, is also announced, his subject being "Christian Doctrine in its Relation to Agnosticism."

V.

there are still many to be found who do not like to admit their want of knowledge of the subject (which, in truth, does not come within the province of their profession), and, therefore, dismiss it in this easy but reprehensible manner. If any proof of the fallacy of their theory be needed, we have only to look at the thousands of stammerers of mature age who have lived, and live now, to reproach their parents, but for whose neglect in early life their misery might have been spared.

Mr. Beasley's establishment at Brampton Park, near Huntingdon, provides a remedy for this. He there receives a limited number of stammerers of all ages, having a tutor for the younger ones or for older ones

requiring a coach. The tutors engaged are men with University degrees and possessing credentials of undoubted capacity for thorough teaching, while the treatment of impediments is conducted only by Mr. Beasley and his co-principals, Mr. Beasley, jun., and Mr. Ketley. The younger pupils have their own rooms, so that both in as well as out of doors they can play by themselves. The principal games in summer are cricket and lawn-tennis; in winter, football, hockey, and golf. In winter evenings, music, theatricals, chess, or draughts form part of the usual occupation after lessons.

With respect to older pupils, there is every facility for perfect enjoyment of the country. In winter the hunting man is within easy distance of the meets of the "Fitzwilliam," the "Cambridgeshire," and the "Oakley" Hounds, while the enthusiasts for golf have links in and round the park. In the evening, billiards, amateur theatricals, and music, &c. During summer there is cricket, lawn-tennis, boating, and fishing. Altogether the life at Brampton Park is essentially the home life of a well-regulated family, where discipline is maintained in a manner which ensures perfect order without entailing restrictions which, in some establishments, are found to be irksome. Mr. Beasley is also the writer of a little book on stammering, which may be had either from Brampton Park, Huntingdon, or his London establishment, "Sherwood," Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, N.W.



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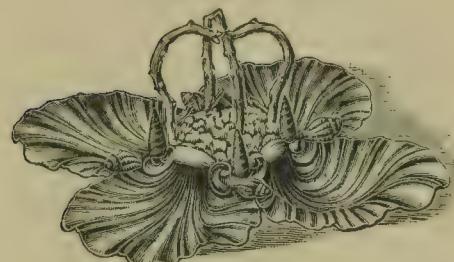
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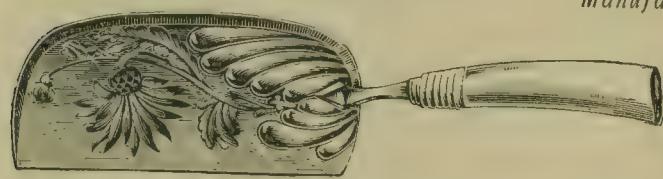
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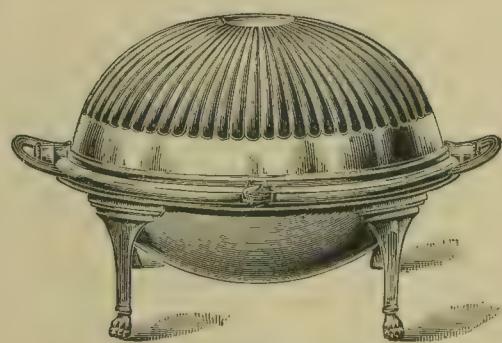
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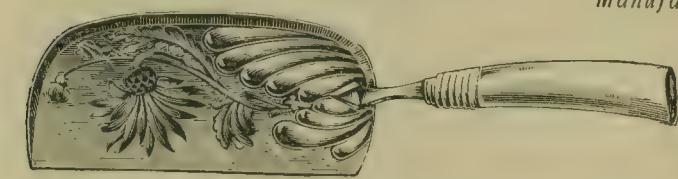
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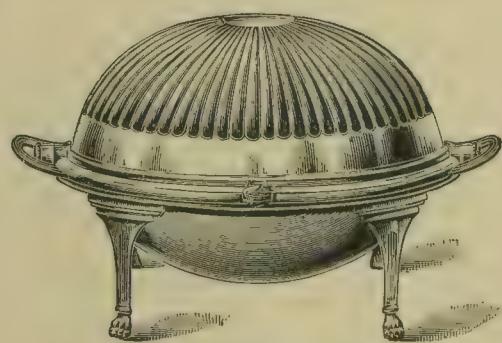
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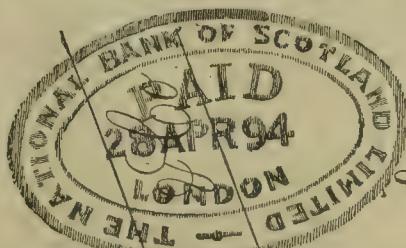
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THE PAST OPERA SEASON.

A glance through the records of the season which has just terminated will suffice to show that between the middle of May and the end of July we have had an amount of opera altogether in excess of our requirements, if not, indeed, of our receptive capacity. Sir Augustus Harris started with the evident intention of breaking all previous records. During his opening week he mounted eight operas, two of which—"Falstaff" and "Manon Lescaut"—were given for the first time in this country. A fortnight's calm, it is true, followed this outburst, but then full steam was turned on again, and during the last three weeks of June the impresario (opening his house every night all the time) added to his repertory as many more new operas—to wit, "Werther," "La Navarraise," and "Signa"—while simultaneously carrying on a season of German opera at Drury Lane. The latter was prolonged until the middle of July, during which month two more novelties—"L'Attaque du Moulin" and "The Lady of Longford"—saw the light at Covent Garden. And so the pressure was kept up well-nigh to the bitter end, with the unprecedented result of ninety-two performances of twenty-seven operas in the incredibly short period of eleven weeks and a day!

"*Cui bono?*" might the intelligent foreigner well ask. Why go without opera nine months in the year and then take in more than you can properly enjoy during the remaining three? The question has been put more than once in these columns of late, and the explanation given; but the means for remedying what is obviously an economical as well as an artistic error have still apparently to be discovered. Certain it is, however, that Sir Augustus Harris has gone a little farther this year in the direction of novelty-producing than either his subscribers or his critics thought actually necessary; while the public, in accordance with its habit, has all along treated the new operas with palpable indifference, and only paid to see the old ones when associated with the names of the most distinguished artists in the company. There was not time for more than two or three of the novelties to be submitted to a fair test, and the result in these cases happened to be the reverse of favourable. "Manon Lescaut" and "Werther" quite failed to draw, and "Falstaff," although it attained a goodly number of performances, was not played before such consistently large audiences as to repay the manager for his outlay in importing a special company of artists from Milan. For "La Navarraise" and "L'Attaque du Moulin" we think there is a future here, but he would be a sanguine prophet who foretold enduring popularity for "The Lady of Longford" or even for "Signa." On the other hand, opera-goers have rushed to hear M. Jean de Reszke whenever he has sung Roméo, Lohengrin, or Faust, and to listen to Madame Calvè each time she has appeared as Carmen or Santuzza. It is nevertheless worthy of note that hackneyed works like "Lucia" and "Rigoletto" did not draw, even with Madame Melba in the cast; and to make them

attractive it was found necessary to perform them in conjunction with one or other of the short operas now so much in vogue. In fact, the number of "double-bill" representations given in the course of the season was altogether without parallel: there were no fewer than eighteen. The following are the names of the twenty-seven operas that were mounted, together with the number of times that they were performed: "Falstaff," "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria Rusticana," each eight; "Faust," seven; "Lohengrin," "Carmen," and "Roméo et Juliette," each six; "Philemon et Baucis," five; "La Navarraise," four; "Manon Lescaut," "Orfeo," and "L'Attaque du Moulin," each three; "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz," "Rigoletto," "Signa," "Aida," "Werther," "Elaine," and "The Lady of Longford," each two; and "Les Huguenots," "Lucia," and "Die Meistersinger" each one. The most noteworthy débuts were those of Mlle. Delna, Signor Pessina (who played Falstaff), and M. Flon, the Brussels conductor, all of whom we are likely to see again. For the rest it will suffice merely to mention the first appearance of Madame Adini, Miss Florence Monteith, Madame Norcross, Signorina Olga Olghina, Signorina Zilli, Signorina Kitzu, Signor Beduschi, Signor Pini-Corsi, M. Albers, and M. Gillibert.

The opera season came to a brilliant close on July 30, when "Die Meistersinger" was performed. M. Jean de Reszke made an irreproachable Walther, giving the "test" songs in the first act and the "preislied" with all possible expression and charm of style—and a more impassioned and gallant lover could hardly have been imagined. Madame Emma Eames undertook the rôle of Eva for the first time at Covent Garden with entire success. She sang delightfully and presented a bewitching appearance. Another new feature was the Hans Sachs of Signor Ancona, who had formed an excellent conception of the character of the poet-cobbler, and delivered the monologues with a thorough grasp of their profound meaning. More restraint was noticeable in Mr. David Bispham's Beckmesser, which remains one of the best things given us by this clever Wagnerian artist, while M. Plançon's Pogner was superbly dignified and impressive, the famous address being declaimed with the utmost distinction of style. M. Dufriche once more lent useful aid as Fritz Kothner, and Mr. Joseph O'Mara was vivacious enough as David. The quintet in the third act was splendidly sung. Signor Mancinelli had his instrumental forces thoroughly in hand, and was called forward to share the applause with the principal artists, the curtain having to be raised three or four times after each act. Sir Augustus Harris thanked his supporters in the course of the evening, and announced the re-engagement of the principal artists for next year. He added that M. Jean de Reszke would appear next season as Tristan, when "Tristan und Isolde" would be sung in German, and that the Polish tenor would also then undertake the rôle of Des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon."

OBITUARY.
VISCOUNT HARDINGE.
Charles Stewart Hardinge, Viscount Hardinge, died at his residence, South Park, Penshurst, on July 28. He was born in 1822, and was eldest son of the Right Hon. Henry Hardinge, Governor-General of India, created in 1846 Viscount Hardinge of Lahore and of King's Newton, in the county of Derby, whose grandfather, Sir Robert Hardinge, raised a troop of horse for the King in the Civil Wars, and subsequently entertained King Charles II. at King's Newton Hall. The late Peer, who was Colonel of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment and A.D.C. to the Queen, was at one time M.P. for Downpatrick. He married, in 1856, Lavinia, daughter of the Earl of Lucan, and leaves issue an eldest son, Henry Charles, now Viscount Hardinge, born in 1857, who married in 1891 Mary, daughter of the Hon. Ralph Nevill.

We have to record the deaths of—

Rear-Admiral John William Pike, at his residence, 116, Holland Road, Kensington, on July 21. The late Admiral received the Crimean, Turkish, and Baltic medals. He married Jane, daughter of Mr. John Brown, F.R.G.S.

Dame Frances Joanna Bunbury, on July 21, at the Manor House, Mildenhall, Suffolk. She was daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, F.R.S. In 1844 she married Sir Charles James Fox Bunbury, Baronet, of Stanney Hall, Cheshire, but had no issue.

Mr. John Ogilvy, of Inshewian, in the county of Forfar, at Hare Craig, Broughty Ferry, N.B., on July 20. He was eldest son and heir of the late Mr. John Ogilvy, of Inshewian, J.P. and D.L., who died last year. Mr. Ogilvy was born in 1830, and married twice—first, in 1865, Agnes Gardyne, daughter of Mr. William Rennie; and secondly, Violet Anna D'Urban, daughter of Mr. William Burnett, of Barnes, by whom he leaves a son.

Viscountess Baring, at Carlsbad, on July 22. She was youngest daughter of Colonel Davidson, C.B., and was married less than a month ago—namely, on June 26, to Viscount Baring, eldest son of the Earl of Northbrook.

Mr. Francis Hugh Forbes Irvine, of Drum, in the county of Aberdeen, on July 25. He was born in 1854, and was eldest surviving son of Mr. Alexander Forbes Irvine, LL.D., of Drum, which was granted to his ancestor, William de Irwin, by King Robert Bruce. The late Mr. Irvine married, in 1880, Mary Agnes, daughter of Mr. John Ramsay, of Barra, and leaves issue one son.

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BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 6. Cheap Day Excursions from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 7, 8, and 9.
LEWES RACES, AUG. 10 and 11.

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Leave	London	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
(Euston) ..	3 15 7	15 10	10 30	2	6	7 50	8	8 50	9	10	11	12	13	14
Arrive														
(Per St.) ..	3 55 5	50	6 30	8 18	10 57									
Glasgow ..														
(Central) ..	3 45 0	0	6 45	8 18	10 45									
Greenock ..	3 39 7	22	7 40	9 15	12 9									
Gourock ..	1 43 7	33	7 50	10 21	12 18									
Oban ..	8 38	—	—	4 45	—									
Perth ..	5 45	—	7 55	—	12 22	5 30	5 40	7 55	—	11 25	3 20			
Inverness ..														
via														
Dundee ..	—	—	—	6 10	10 40	11 5	2 40	—	6 40	9 10	12 27			
Dundee ..	7 15	—	8 35	—	1 7	7 30	8 55	—	12 41	4 32				
Aberdeen ..	9 5	—	10 15	—	3	7 50	7 50	11 40	—	2 40	6 20			
Ballater ..	—	—	—	—	—	9 45	9 45	2 10	—	4 50				
Inverness ..	—	—	—	8 10	1 35	1 35	6 5	—	10 45					
Aberdeen ..	—	—	—	—	—									

Passengers arrive Greenock at 9.35 and Gourock 9.48 a.m. on Saturdays.

On Saturday night from London (Euston).

A 7.50 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from July 24 to Aug. 10 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted) from the Highland Company will take this train forward specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9, and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

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—For night from London (Euston).

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On Saturday nights from the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

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For further particulars see the Companies' Time-Bills.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 25, 1891), with two codicils (dated Dec. 4, 1893, and Jan. 9, 1891), of Mr. Richard Higgins, of 28, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, who died on June 4, was proved on July 19 by Alfred Page, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator bequeaths all his books, plate, pictures, wines, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his daughters Anne Lydford Higgins and Gertrude Higgins; £100 each to his said daughters, and £100 to his daughter Mrs. Laura Shergold Turner; £250 to Alfred Page, and a further £100 as executor; a legacy of £50 and an annuity of £100 to his stepdaughter Grace Hawkins; £250 each to his stepchildren Helen Amelia Page, Louisa Mary Heriot, and Thomas Basil Hawkins; £1000 to his brother, John Higgins; and an annuity of £50 to his sister, Sarah Higgins, and on her death an annuity of £25 to his niece Kate Higgins, and an annuity of £12 10s. each to his nieces Elizabeth and Fanny Higgins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 21, 1890), with two codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1890; and Dec. 21, 1892), of Mr. Frederick Mowbray Berkeley Calcott, solicitor, of 52, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who died on June 21 at 4, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, was proved on July 17 by George Lancelot Berkeley Calcott and Owen Lechmere Tudor, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator gives £5000 each to his sister Jane Gaskin, and his nephews George Lancelot Berkeley Calcott, and Owen Lechmere Tudor, but certain sums advanced to the latter are to be deducted out of his legacy; £3000 to his cousin and adopted son, William Lockwood Beatty; £2000 each to his brother Colonel Charles Rowland Berkeley Calcott, his sister Marianne Elizabeth Berkeley Calcott, and his nephews Lewis Berkeley Calcott and Frederick Septimus Berkeley Calcott; all his plate between his two executors; his furniture and effects, except some articles specifically bequeathed, and his part share in the premises 52, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to his nephew Owen Lechmere Tudor; his share in the partnership business of solicitors to his partners William Holloway and Owen Lechmere Tudor; and liberal legacies to other of his nephews and nieces, his partner Mr. Holloway, clerks, and others. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he leaves to his brother George Wallis Berkeley Calcott and his sister Margaret Emily Tudor.

The will (dated July 12, 1881) of Mrs. Frances Mary Hakewill, of 70, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, who died on May 15, was proved on July 13 by Heathfield Harman

Stephenson and Charles Mansfield Tebbutt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testatrix leaves a timber-yard in Davies Street, Oxford Street, a freehold house in Bedford Square, Brighton, and £1000 to her cousin Heathfield Stephenson; £2000 to her nephew, Edward Thomas Browell; all her plate, £500 invested in the London and North Western Railway, and £1000 to Katie and Blanche Scott, daughters of her stepdaughter, Maria Brodie Scott; and shares in houses and many pecuniary legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives and friends. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives equally between the said Heathfield Stephenson and Marian Augusta Tebbutt.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1892) of Mr. Matthew Inglett Fortescue Brickdale, Senior Conveyancing Counsel of the Chancery Division of the High Court, of 8, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, who died on May 21 at Biasca, Ticino, Switzerland, was proved on July 12 by Charles Fortescue Brickdale, and John Matthew Fortescue Brickdale, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator, after appointing his sons executors, states that he revokes all former wills, but (for good reason) makes no new devises or bequests.

The will (dated April 13, 1891), of Mr. Henry Winch, Q.C., of 2, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, who died on June 13, was proved on July 24 by Henry Winch, the son, and John Sankey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator bequeaths £250 and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, horses, carriages, and indoor and outdoor effects, at his residence, Merton Abbey, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Winch. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one half of the income to his wife, for life, and the other half of the income, during the life of his wife, to his said son; and on the death of his wife to hold his residuary estate, upon trust, for his son.

The will (dated March 17, 1881) of Mr. Moore Tylee, formerly of 44, Avenue de Wagram, Paris, and late of 25, Ashley Place, Westminster, who died on May 19, was proved on July 19 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Tylee, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator gives, bequeaths, and appoints all his property, estate, and effects, whatsoever to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The Scotch confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated April 26, 1888) of Mr. Hugh McMaster Ewing, silk manufacturer and merchant, Glasgow, who died on April 30, granted to William Ewing, David Simpson Carson, and Stephen Mitchell, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed

in London on July 13, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7155.

The will of Mr. William Joll, of Stoke House, Stoke Devonport, who died on May 27, was proved on July 16, by Mrs. Elizabeth Joll, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9532.

The will and codicil of General Sir John Jarvis Bisset, K.C.M.G., C.B., Colonel of the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, who died on May 25 at Shakespeare Lodge, Kent, was proved on July 14 by Walter Percy Norton and Charles Hoskins Masters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3191.

The will of Mr. Joseph Haydon Parry, professor of music, of 87, Broadhurst Gardens, West Hampstead, who died on March 29, was proved on July 18 by Daniel Mendelsohn Parry, the brother, and Henry Horatio Watkins, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £563.

Two notable French politicians, M. Clémenceau and M. Deschanel, fought a duel with rapiers in the Bois de Boulogne on July 26, and M. Deschanel was slightly wounded in the cheek and eyebrow.

The restoration work in the nave of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the fine old church formerly called St. Mary Overies, close to London Bridge, has been so far performed as to allow of its inspection by visitors, though still in a rough condition. Sir A. Blomfield is the directing architect.

The artist, like the schoolmaster, is abroad, and invades every department of life. There is an interesting exhibition just now open at Messrs. Turner and Co.'s, 164, New Bond Street, where one can see how charming bed-room furniture can become. Mr. W. Hales Turner is ambitious to adorn the ordinary appointments of a wash-stand and the dressing-table with classical and poetical art. One suite, for instance, illustrates the story of Lancelot and Elaine, so that as soon as the owner of it rises his thoughts are turned towards poetry; another suite, illustrated in ten panels, is that of "Faust"; while the ewers and basins are prettily decorated with passages from Gounod's opera. Lovers of Sir Walter Scott would, perhaps, select as one of the most beautiful suites in this gallery—which, by the way, is most tastefully decorated by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road—one devoted to scenes from "Marmion." Such is the success of Mr. Turner in this new direction that it is good news to hear that he intends to turn his attention to designing some dining-room furniture in porcelain.

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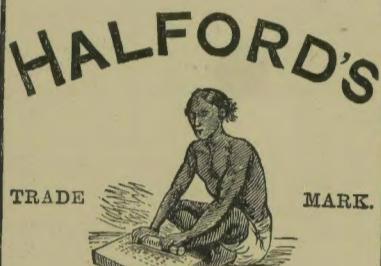
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NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. have recently published a volume of "Ten Songs" which have been selected from a considerable number left in manuscript by the late Arthur Goring Thomas. It is supposed that these songs were written at various periods of the lamented composer's brief career, but there is nothing to show the actual dates. Glancing through the music, we find all the qualities which ever make the songs of the gifted Goring Thomas so attractive—charm of melody, grace of expression, beauty of form, and skilfulness of construction. The style he formed while studying at the Paris Conservatoire is particularly noticeable in the six settings of French poems, which include Victor Hugo's charming lines "Vœu," and others by G. Nadaud, Béranger, and J. Soulié. The prettiest song in the book is, no doubt, the setting of Mrs. Hemans's "Good Night," but almost as graceful is that entitled "The Sleeper," of which, by the way, the publishers have failed to discover the author. Altogether, these "Ten Songs" are in every way worthy of their composer, and they will be welcomed by all who admired his rare talent and inventive genius. The same publishers send us "Thistledown" and "To Mistress Rose," by Frank L. Moir, words by Louise Chandler Morton; "Bon Jour, Pierrot," by F. E. Weatherly and Fred J. Harper; "Scotch Johnnie" by Nina Frances Layard and J. L. Molloy; "Love's Messenger" by Shapcott Wensley and Joseph L. Roeckel; and "Through Sunny Spain," by G. Hubi Newcombe and Tito Mattei—all of which may be recommended as effective and pleasing songs. The "Mavourneen Waltz" by May Ostler has tuneful music and an artistic picture-cover,

while the latest number of Chappell's shilling dance album contains the usual liberal supply of popular pieces.

From Novello, Ewer and Co. comes "A Love Song," which was composed by Charles Salaman on entering upon his eightieth year, and which is already so generally well known and liked that description is unnecessary. We like Arthur Esmond's "Requiescat" (words by Matthew Arnold) and George J. Hicks's setting of Oliver Wendell Holmes's pretty lines "Unknown, Beloved." An interesting Welsh patriotic song and chorus, is "O Delyny Ngwlad" ("O harp of my land"), composed expressly for the World's Fair International Eisteddfod, Chicago, 1893, by the Queen's harpist, Mr. John Thomas. Paul Bevan's Japanese love song "Yosakoi" is quaint and uncommon, and has English words by Antonia Williams.

Admirers of Neapolitan songs will like "Rumanella, Rumanie!" written by Augusto Rotoli, and published by G. Ricordi and Co., which has a good translation by Mowbray Marras. L. Denza's setting of Edmund Waller's poem "The Rose's Message" is refined and tuneful enough to satisfy the ordinary amateur. An excellent fantasia on Verdi's "Falstaff" is that which Mr. W. Kuhe has written. Not too difficult, it is within the reach of pianoforte-players who are not very advanced.

A valuable addition to the musical library is "Military Music," a history of wind instrumental bands, by J. A. Kappey. The writer has divided his work into three parts: I. Sketch of the history and development of open-air music in ancient times; II. Ancient instruments and their successors; and III. History of the rise and development of modern military music; while the

whole is illustrated with authentic representations of ancient wind instruments and numerous examples of ancient music. The subject is both interesting and instructive, and Mr. Kappey may be congratulated upon having treated it with the utmost skill and judgment. The volume is well brought out by Boosey and Co., from which firm we have also received a pretty "Cossack Cradle-Song" by Napravnik and Fred J. Whishaw; a melodious song entitled "Shadowland," by F. E. Weatherly and Stephen Adams; and a good catchy ditty, called "The Irish Piper," by J. L. Molloy.

In "How to Accompany" Annie Glen has provided amateurs with plenty of useful subject-matter. Very few people understand the art of accompaniment, and the author has done her best to put forward in a clear, concise manner all the suggestions and hints most useful for its achievement. The work supplies a long-felt want; and pianists who are called upon to accompany either voice or solo instrument will do well to give it careful study. Robert Cocks and Co. are the publishers. Maude Valérie White is the composer of "Ton Nom," a poetic French song, and also of "Mailüfterl" ("May Breezes"), the last of six "Volkslieder." Tivadar Nächéz has succeeded in giving musical expression to Harold Boulton's pathetic translation of François Coppée's epitaph, "Unforgotten"; and the vocal phrases of "The Land of Yesterday," by Angelo Mascheroni (words by Clifton Bingham) are original and high-class. Book I. of "Seven Songs" by Lady Lindsay and Charles C. Bethune contains four tunefully written pieces, and No. 26 of the "Burlington Music Books" has a dozen excerpts for the piano from well-known oratorios.

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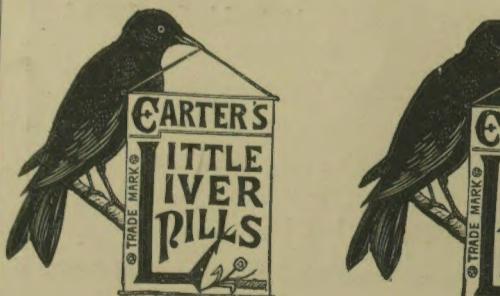
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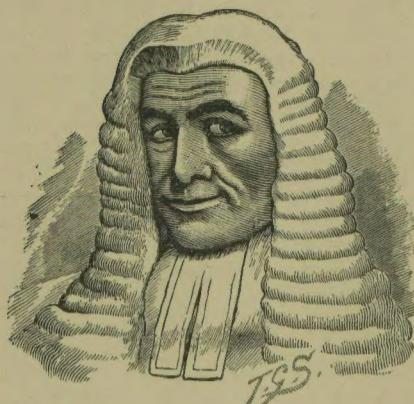
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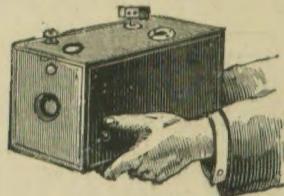
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1879 and 1880;
1880 and 1881;
Calcutta, 1884.

1879 and 1880;
1880 and 1881;
Calcutta, 1884.

1879 and 1880;
1880 and 1881;
Calcutta, 1884.

1879 and 1880;
1880 and 1881;
Calcutta, 1884.

1879 and 188